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NEWS, not from Belgium in 1914 but from the Ruhr in the peace times of 1923, compiled from New York dailies which editorially support the French:

Jan. 26.—All the newspapers in Aix-la-Chapelle have been suppressed for three days by the Belgian occupation authorities as a punishment for publication of an offensive address delivered by a local German official.

Jan. 29.—In the old occupied region there have been up to the week-end one hundred expulsions. . . . Dr. Kueld, Chief Burgomaster of Mayence . . . was taken from a hospital and carried off to exile in a motor truck.

Jan. 30.—Every Prussian official who has obeyed and declares that he will obey his Government and not the French is to be deported with his family from Mayence, Wiesbaden, Treves, and several other places. At Treves . . . the Prussian President was expelled. . . . His wife . . . had just undergone an operation on one of her eyes and was within a few weeks expecting her third baby. . . . It was only owing to the kindness of neighbors that she has been housed in the town till the baby is born. The chief of the post office at Hörde was arrested during the night, carried out of town, and left in the open fields without an opportunity to say goodby to his family. The women employees of the telegraph office at Düsseldorf have been driven with blows of riding-whips from their office. The publication of every newspaper in Wiesbaden has been suspended.

Jan. 31.—The French had a difficult task today to arrest the chief postmaster of Bochum. The whole post office was surrounded by a strong force of infantry. Machine-guns and armored cars were placed at various points and the public chased out onto the streets at the point of the bayonet. The postmaster was found, bundled into a motor lorry, and carried off. In Mayence all newspapers have been suspended. The municipality has pointed out to the French commanders that this prevents publication of the usual details regarding food and fuel distribution, and that therefore disturbances may arise. To that the French commandant has replied by posting placards all over the town forbidding the assembly of more than five people and stating that all meetings and demonstrations are forbidden.

Feb. 1.—In Recklinghausen the French commandant called the staffs of all the local papers to his office and lectured them in angry tones. He forbade them to mention troop movements or to say or to suggest that France was breaking the terms of the Versailles Treaty. In Bochum the commandant did the same and ordered the editors to refrain in future from even mentioning M. Poincaré's name. Court-martial proceedings will be taken against the editors of all the papers which have been suppressed.

Feb. 2.—The Germans report that at Brechten, near Lünen, one Wilhelm Hausmann, a school janitor and miner, was shot dead by a French sentry with no cause given.

Feb. 3.—French troops threatened with bayonets and used the butt ends of their guns at noon today to break up a crowd of 3,000 persons noisily protesting before the Rhineland High Commission against the deportation of officials.

AS we go to press it is variously reported that the Turks have refused to accept the treaty the Allies offered them at Lausanne, and that they have accepted it. If the latter is true, there is the great satisfaction that the long drawn out negotiations are at an end and that peace has been preserved. What the final terms are to be is not clear at this writing. Probably the whole thing is as writ in water—like every other treaty the Allies have put through since the Armistice. But if a breathing spell has been won, that is pure gain; anything is better than a renewal of the fighting which could only add further to the unutterable miseries of the hundreds of thousands of sufferers from the war in Asia Minor—to say nothing of the whole suffering world. Lausanne nearly failed utterly by reason of the hypocrisy and insincerity on both sides; the trail of oil was over it all. Many observers, like Henry Morgenthau, have felt right along that whether the Turks signed or did not sign made little difference; that they were only playing for delay. We cannot fall in with this view, but we are clear that any treaty which attempts to settle the future of the Black Sea without Russia's consent will, in the long run, be nothing else than a scrap of paper. Chicherin is quite right about that.

ONE great forward step toward settlement of the economic distress of the world has been taken. Great Britain's acceptance of the American refunding terms extends the area of solid ground from which to work toward further agreement. Congress should not delay its ratification. Four and a half billion dollars is a great deal for one

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nation to pay another, even when it is stretched over sixty-two years. We are not sure that this rich harvest of British gold will be an unmitigated gain to American industry—it may prove a real injury—but it should at least remove one source of Anglo-American friction and it will undoubtedly be a powerful bolster to British credit. Old England has proved once more that she is still a financial rock and there is no longer any real reason for sterling to remain below par. With France the case is different. French statesmen have been frank to state that they do not expect to pay their debt to the United States. There is an inconsistency inherent in the French position today; France is virtually making war to enforce collection of one debt while tossing her own debt to us and England lightly aside.

MR. SAMUEL UNTERMYER has achieved something remarkable by the series of bills drafted by him and introduced in the New York Legislature by the Lockwood Committee on Housing—an alliance between the business interests, the New York Stock Exchange, and the labor unions! The alliance, to be sure, is limited to opposition to the bills and will hardly survive their death. Yet it is an alliance and a sound one, for the bills, although built on sound principles, ought to be opposed. Briefly, they provide for a blue-sky law to protect the public against the sale of fraudulent stocks; for licensing stockbrokers, and for free access to the facts of their business by public authority; for public control of the stock exchange; for the creation of a State investigating body not unlike the Federal Trade Commission; and for regulation of trade associations and labor unions. Now the public should be protected from fraudulent promotion schemes; it is entitled to know the facts about the business of stockbrokers and trade associations and labor unions; it ought to have a say about the policies of such a powerful institution as the stock exchange. But the bills do much more than that—they empower administrative officials in their discretion virtually to put these people out of business. A trade association is unlawful if the Department of Trade and Commerce thinks that it is "otherwise adverse to the public welfare," and substantially the same vague prohibition applies to labor unions. The stock exchange must eliminate any features "to which objection is made" by the State Superintendent of Banks. Such broad grants of undefined discretion should be enough to defeat the measures unless drastically amended. No official can be trusted with such power.

THE State of Washington never did its country a greater disservice than to keep Albert Johnson in Congress so long that he has become the chairman of the House Committee on Immigration. A more reactionary mind it would be difficult to discover, and under his leadership the committee has reported a bill to cut immigration to 2 per cent of the number of foreign-born residents of the United States of any nationality as determined by the census of 1890! This not only cuts the present percentage from three to two, but by substituting for the census of 1910 that of 1890—prior to the South and East European immigration—reveals a distinct racial bias. And this comes at a moment when our industries are clamoring for more help, when the fields in the Southwest are being deserted by the workers, when thousands upon thousands of homeless Armenians and Greeks are knocking at our doors. Every effort to get Mr. Johnson's committee to make a special dispensation for victims of the war in Asia Minor who have friends and relatives here has failed, but fortunately the Senate has passed such a bill and the House may also show some respect for the tradition of America as a haven of refuge. Mr. Johnson's new bill should be decisively defeated; it is as narrow-minded and hard-hearted as the Ku Klux Klan could wish.

THE Rev. Percy Grant has won the first round. Who can question that? Bishop Manning finds that his subordinate's vagueness makes possible his escape from a heresy trial. Whose escape? The bishop said Grant's, but we believe it to have been the bishop's. For if it had come to a trial, not the rector of the Church of the Ascension, but the Episcopal Church itself would have been at the bar. The bishop simply could not afford a heresy trial; it would have disrupted his whole church. So Mr. Grant goes gaily on continuing to speak and preach upon the subject upon which the standpatters in his church would be so happy to padlock his mouth. He is clever enough, too, to widen the scope of his attack, for he has begun to speak of the economic and business controllers of church policy and to link up his cause with that of free speech and free thought and free conscience in the world outside of the church. Mr. Grant is fighting within it the same reactionary forces which the liberals of the country are assailing everywhere.

THIS has been a difficult week for editors who seek to take a cheerful view of things! The Ruhr, Lausanne, the headlessness and heedlessness in Washington—whither shall one turn for comfort? Well, right here in New York there is Governor Smith, daily preaching sound democracy and true Americanism in a way to cheer and stimulate liberals everywhere. His present battle is to restore to the greatest American city the home rule which had been taken from it, its power in many transit questions having been lodged in State commissions. The difficulty, of course, is the fear of Tammany Hall. It was a blackmailing procedure on the part of a Tammany board of aldermen that led to the establishment, at the behest of Charles E. Hughes, of the Public Service Commission to take over New York City subway construction. At the time that seemed wise and *The Nation* was among those that indorsed the plan. But after twenty years of experimentation we are willing to admit that it is well to return to the democratic policy of home rule, even if temporarily local conditions become worse thereby. If the City of New York will not elect good mayors it must pay the price. Meanwhile, even his opponents admit that Governor Smith is making a splendid fight. He is the first of our Eastern public men really to recover from the shell-shocks of the war.

ENTERPRISING members of the Voluntary Parenthood League have gone to the *Congressional Record* of 1873 to show how casually, how inadvertently, the clause forbidding distribution of contraceptive information slipped into the original Comstock bill against sending pornographic matter through the mails. As first introduced the bill prohibited such information "except from a physician in good standing, given in good faith." That clause was finally taken out of the text, but without explanation and almost without debate. In discussion there was no mention of the

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ordinary uses of contraception. The bill was introduced, supported, and passed solely in order to make it possible to stop the mass of pornographic matter that was reaching boys and girls all over the country. The distribution of scientific information to adults through doctors or clinics or other authorized channels was not even under consideration. But the law was passed, and for fifty years obscenity and science have been legally lumped under one sweeping, ill-considered prohibition. A bill is now before Congress, sponsored by Senator Cummins and Representative Kissel, which would amend the present law by removing the words "preventing conception" from certain sections of the Criminal Code and the Tariff Act of 1922. This measure should pass. The Voluntary Parenthood League is fighting, with real hope of success, for favorable action by the Judiciary Committee which now has the bill under consideration. But where are the other women's organizations?

SO successful has been the Fontainebleau School of Music for Americans, concerning which Henrietta Straus wrote enthusiastically in *The Nation* for October 4, 1922, that the French Government has announced its intention to open in June a Fontainebleau School of the Fine Arts for one hundred American architects and painters. This is propaganda which we can welcome without reserve. France here offers us her best. These are fields in which she can show her true greatness. In the gray old Fontainebleau palace, rich with the colorful memories of centuries of devotion to beauty, politics and armies may be forgotten, and American visitors can come close to the enduring soul of a great people. Here is a kind of artistic reciprocity which builds on a soil of understanding, not of romance or of pomp. This is more than the ordinary university exchange; these are not schools for beginners, but for artists, teachers, and advanced students who can both give to and learn from France's greatest artists. The American committee for enrolment, consisting of Whitney Warren (architecture), Ernest Peixotto (painting), and Francis Rogers (music), may be addressed at 119 East 19th Street, New York City. The French Government has made the cost of board and tuition moderate and the French Line will give special rates to students. Those who participate in these schools will accept a privilege and undertake a mission.

THE career of Max Nordau, whose death at the age of seventy-three is reported from Paris, was a strange and checkered one. He fluctuated between literature and science, achieved results of a high order in neither field, and yet gave and sustained the impression of being an intellectual force of considerable importance. This impression reached its height with the publication of "Degeneration" and its lowest point when that book was seen to be merely a violent rationalizing of quite absurd and personal literary prejudices. It was a pity that "Degeneration" dragged down with it a work so clarifying and important as a whole as "The Conventional Lies of Our Civilization." In later years Nordau's activities as a Zionist and, especially, as a good and uncompromising internationalist—a "good European"—were far less open to criticism and dissent. But despite this, despite the scientific works and the very interesting drama "Dr. Cohn," Nordau's life seems to illustrate a massive force misspent or misdirected, a mind that had its first-rate moments but was never able to make these permanent in any satisfactory form.

Pan-America

THE Fifth International Conference of the American States will meet next month in Santiago, Chile, under very different circumstances from the last pan-American conference, held at Buenos Aires in 1910. Since 1910 much has happened. The United States occupied Nicaragua in 1912, and has maintained marines there ever since. We seized control of Haiti in 1915, and substituted a government by "gobs" for native government in Santo Domingo in 1916. We have in the period twice invaded Mexico, and have threatened invasion a dozen times. The European War has made it almost impossible for Latin-American countries to obtain loans in Europe, and these countries have found themselves more and more compelled to accept dictation by the financial powers of Wall Street. Costa Rica and Guatemala have learned the power of their Northern neighbor. Peru, the third largest country in South America, has seen her customs go under United States control. Colombia, as Mr. Hard describes elsewhere in this issue of *The Nation*, has been bribed by payment of the $25,000,000, which we so long refused. Two steps toward Central American federation have been smashed by United States influence, and the Central American Court of Justice has dropped into innocuous desuetude because the United States supported Nicaragua in refusing to recognize its decision adverse to the Bryan-Chamorro treaty.

It is natural, therefore, that the Latin-American countries no longer regard these pan-American conferences as opening new vistas of national freedom and international cooperation. The phrase "Monroe Doctrine" does not smell as sweet to South American nostrils as it does north of the Rio Grande. They sniff suspiciously when our statesmen talk of pan-Americanism. Mr. Hughes is chairman of the Governing Board of the Pan-American Union, under whose auspices these conferences are held, and Mr. Hughes is known to many Latin Americans chiefly as the stubborn lawyer who refuses to recognize Mexico. Mexico has declined Chile's invitation to attend the conference because she is at present barred from representation on the governing board of the Pan-American Union by virtue of the fact that Mr. Hughes still denies her recognition. She is permitted to pay her share of its expenses, and does so, but could be represented only by proxy. There is a suggestion of dictation in the air, and while the Latin-American countries will certainly be very polite to Mr. Hughes and agree to do whatever he recommends, there will be little of the heart-respect of the days before the phrase "Big Sister" had been replaced by the term "Big Stick."

Frankly, we wish that Mr. Hughes were not going to represent the United States at Santiago. These conferences are creating a tradition. Slowly they have been developing a habit of cooperation which is of infinite value in international relations. They have been laying the basis of an American league of nations, which may be of greater significance to the development of democratic internationalism than that European League which, having flattered Mr. Edwards of Chile and Mr. Da Gama of Brazil, is trying to find a place for itself at the Santiago conference. We should like the United States to send to such a conference men with respect for little nations and devotion to ideals which are no less genuinely American because we have failed to live up to them.

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Was Lincoln a Typical American?

LET no sensitive patriot be offended by this question. It implies no disrespect either to the great President or to his country. The outstanding personalities of a nation are often far from being its most representative men. Their influence may be largely due to their possession, in an exceptional degree, of qualities in which their fellow-countrymen are deficient. "He is as un-English as possible," said Hawthorne of Tennyson; "indeed, an Englishman of genius usually lacks the national characteristics and is great abnormally. Even the great sailor, Nelson, was unlike his countrymen in the qualities that constituted him a hero; he was not the perfection of an Englishman, but a creature of another kind—sensitive, nervous, excitable, and really more like a Frenchman."

An analysis of the characteristics of political leaders would supply many instances of the authority exercised over the public mind by men whom no one could describe as typifying the national traits. It was not because they saw in him a magnified projection of themselves that the English electorate raised Benjamin Disraeli to the highest political office in the kingdom. Certainly neither the Welshman nor the Canadian-Scot who appear latest on the list of British prime ministers can be described as a typical Englishman. The devotion with which the Irish people followed Parnell was given to a leader whose temperament was in many respects at the opposite pole from their own. And what of Abraham Lincoln? If you were to set forth the qualities that most distinguish Americans from men of other nationalities, and then, after raising them to the n^{th} power, were to embody these characteristics in an imaginary personality, would the resultant figure resemble the portrait of Lincoln?

There is a striking contrast between Lincoln and the American type in the succinctness and simplicity of his public utterances, from the very beginning of his career until the end. We can observe this trait in the speech, not a hundred words long, which he made when a candidate for the Illinois Legislature in 1832. The address he gave at Cooper Union in 1860, on his first appearance in New York, is described by Mr. Choate, who was present, as "severely simple." The audience was expecting "a florid Western eloquence" and heard instead a speech "with no ornament at all." The outstanding example is, of course, the Gettysburg Address—that oratorical gem of 266 words which followed the two hours' discourse of Edward Everett.

For nearly sixty years the Gettysburg Address has been recognized as one of the noblest utterances that ever fell from human lips. It is the first thing to be inscribed on a Lincoln Memorial. It is republished, year by year, in our most widely circulated almanacs, side by side with the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. The astonishing thing is that, although so universally acclaimed, it has not had the slightest effect upon our style of public speaking from that day to this. If an address is to be given at an anniversary or memorial celebration, or indeed on any occasion of more than usual public significance, not Lincoln but Everett is taken as the model. The bombastic, high-swelling sentences are often molded on a pattern utterly alien to the Gettysburg Address.

American architecture is free from any such defect. In a recent article in the *Architectural Review*, of London, English architects are told by one of their own number that the lesson American architecture has to teach them is, first of all, the lesson of the excision of the superfluous. "Many of these buildings," says this writer concerning the work of American architects, "are reduced to the bare bones of wall, door, windows, and roof, and in most the proportion of moldings and features to the square foot of wall-space is absurdly small, judged by our standard. But how clear and emphatic is the statement, and how much the rare features gain in value by contrast with the surrounding spaces! It is no easy matter to attain such economy without crudity and ungracefulness." Why is it that, while American architects are thus alive to the artistic value of simplicity and reserve, American speakers—and, to a considerable degree, American writers—seem to think that the secret of effectiveness lies in a profusion of ornament?

One hesitates to suggest, in the present condition of the world, that any one nation is more prone than another to seek immediate gains at the expense of later results. Almost all of the governments have alike laid themselves open to the charge of grabbing at today's momentary profit regardless of what is likely to happen tomorrow. Yet by temperament the American is perhaps peculiarly inclined to take the short rather than the long view. Kipling has characterized him as "quick to the instant need of things." One might quote our failure to conserve our natural resources—the reckless exploitation of our forests, as an example. As long as golden eggs are immediately procurable, no one seems to trouble about the health of the goose. Now, close students of Lincoln have been especially impressed by his readiness to forfeit the chance of a momentary success if it would imperil his attainment of a distant aim. "He knew to bide his time," wrote Lowell in his Commemoration Ode. J. G. Blaine, speaking as a practical politician, noted that he "did not seek to say merely the thing that was for the day's debate, but the thing which would stand the test of time and square itself with eternal justice."

The most conspicuous example is, of course, the attitude taken by Lincoln in his campaign against Douglas for the senatorship in 1858. In the course of the famous debates with his rival he insisted, in spite of all remonstrances from his own side, in pressing Douglas to answer the question: "Can the people of a United States territory, in any lawful way, against the wish of any citizen of the United States, exclude slavery from its limits prior to the formation of a State constitution?" Lincoln's friends pointed out that Douglas would seize the opportunity to answer yes, and that this would satisfy the opposing anti-slavery sentiment of the State and elect him. A letter written more than a month before the Freeport debate shows that Lincoln fully recognized the force of the warning, and was alive to the disastrous effect that the course he proposed would have upon his own chances at the polls. He told his friends: "I am killing larger game; if Douglas answers, he can never be President, and the battle of 1860 is worth a hundred of this." The event justified fully Lincoln's reading of the omens.

This combination of foresight and self-control did not desert him when he arrived at the White House. One might refer to his policy, at the outset of the war, in maneuvering for Southern aggression, at whatever military cost, in order that the solidarity of the North might be the better assured

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when the struggle actually began. We remember, too, his answer, "Not yet, not yet," to Butler's entreaty for permission to organize a Negro regiment when, in Lincoln's judgment, the time was not yet ripe for such a step. There was, again, his delay, in spite of the agitation of Horace Greeley and other men of popular influence, in the issue of the Emancipation Proclamation. For seventeen months of the war he continued in a course which lost him the confidence of the men with whom he had most sympathy. He did this deliberately, believing that any immediate advantage that might accrue from the early issue of the proclamation would be dearly purchased by the mischief that would result later from premature action. It must have cost Lincoln not a little to decide upon the postponement, even for a single day, of that great act of liberation which would be the fulfilment of his own ardently cherished dream. Most happily does John Drinkwater express the situation when he makes one of the "chroniclers" in his play predict, at the time of Lincoln's acceptance of the Presidential nomination, that:

> Coveting the little, the instant gain,
> The brief security,
> And easy-tongued renown,
> Many will mock the vision that his brain
> Builds to a far, unmeasured monument,
> And many bid his resolutions down
> To the wages of content.

Yet whether Lincoln was a typical American or not, he was an American; for America it is an imperishable glory that it was from her soil that he sprang, and that it was she that nourished his powers and provided fitting opportunity for their exercise; what Lincoln was has become a part of the tradition called American, a part of the aspiration of succeeding American generations.

How Can Europe Be Saved?

EVERY day that the French remain in the Ruhr increases the doubt whether Europe can be salvaged. Were the Germans to surrender tomorrow the economic harm that has been done could not by itself be repaired. Every day's continued occupation pushes Germany further into the inferno of bankruptcy and social disintegration. More than that, it strikes additional blows at the prosperity and welfare of all the other nations, notably at the United States and Great Britain. President Harding and Mr. Hughes seem deaf, dumb, and blind to appeals for action on moral or humanitarian grounds. Perhaps they will take heed of statements like this in the New York *Herald:*

> Extraordinary dulness characterized the week-end export-freight market. Brokers said that not since the outbreak of war had there been such a dearth of business. All European points of shipment were affected in nearly equal degree. Indicative of the general situation, it was pointed out that not a definite order was in the grain-charter market for a voyage to any port in the Antwerp-Hamburg range, whereas not long ago as many as fifteen ships a week were being fixed for that part of the Continent. . . . The collapse of the continental grain market is easily explainable on the ground of the Ruhr disturbances and the collapse in Central Europe and weakness in French exchange. Even where orders from Germany are available shippers hesitate to fill them because of their uncertainty as to payment.

What pleasant reading this is for the embattled American farmer even a politician ought to be able to figure out.

As for England, the press is now virtually unanimous against the French. The weeklies, so a special cablegram reports, "do not hesitate to describe France's present policy . . . as the policy of an 'enemy of Great Britain.'" This quotation is from the sober *New Statesman,* which goes on to declare that France's suffering from the war cannot be compared to Great Britain's despite the devastated districts. It asks the French if they have any such misery as today rules in Lancashire. "Our economic conditions," writes a competent observer who has just returned to England from this country, "are very distressing, wages have gone down to a bare subsistence level, and there is terrible unemployment. It strikes one very forcibly on coming back to it—the working people are so brave and patient, so moderate and so helpful to each other. But this new French move makes recovery more remote." So deadly is this fresh menace to England's progress that Mr. Garvin declares that "France will be called to a reckoning over the Ruhr invasion as wrecking European economic life" just as soon as Parliament meets again.

That the Labor Opposition will compel Mr. Bonar Law to act we hope and believe. It is, fortunately enough, led by pacifists, by men who know that there are other and better ways to bring France to book than by force and public murder. Some of these are suggested in a cable to the New York *Tribune* from Berlin, which reports that the International Federation of Trade Unions is working hard to establish an international boycott of all shipping entering or leaving France. British workers are reported to be considering stopping coal shipments from England into France, and German and other European trade unionists are endeavoring to "place the entire Ruhr struggle on a clear-cut issue of pacifism against militarism." Finally, be it noted that even in our own financial circles there is a growing perception that back of all the Ruhr invasion is the desire of France's "big business" to throttle and to dominate the German iron and steel industry. If, under guise of reparations and sanctions, it can cut the Ruhr off from Germany, set up a "buffer state," and make the Ruhr's industry a subordinate part of its own system, then it will be in a position, with its German wage-slaves, to undersell and destroy British industry.

"Well," we hear our readers asking, "what would you do?" We should, if we were Mr. Harding, call an immediate conference, preferably at the Hague, inviting to it the Allies, the European neutrals, and our ex-enemies, to act upon the European situation. If France refused to attend, or, as at Genoa, to discuss the question of reparations and the revision of the Treaty of Versailles, we should proceed without her, and if necessary organize the world against her for that economic boycott which is provided for in the Covenant of the League of Nations. We should demand the denunciation of the Treaty of Versailles and the substitution of a new one, however difficult the task, because it is the treaty which is wrecking Europe and makes possible this Ruhr invasion, now described by Mr. A. G. Gardiner as "the greatest public crime perpetrated in the history of Europe." We agree with Mr. Gardiner that "this infamous paralysis of the moral sense of the world must stop" if Europe is not to become a howling wilderness. The case is desperate; it is almost too late to move. America and England alone can save Europe. And how our Congress can turn a deaf ear to the touching plea of the German labor unions is beyond our understanding.

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Ray Stannard Baker's "Honesty"

THE profound disillusionment of these post-peace days is brilliantly represented in Professor Carl Becker's review of Mr. Baker's three-volume defense of "Woodrow Wilson and World Settlement," which appears elsewhere in this issue. Mr. Becker thinks that Mr. Wilson's failure at Paris was inevitable. Looking backward upon the causal chain of history everything that has occurred seems inevitable. Every link in the chain fits perfectly. Yet there have been moments when men have made momentous choices; when the emergence of a dominant personality has forcibly turned the steering-wheel of destiny. For a time Woodrow Wilson seemed to be such a man. His magnificent appeals for a better order stirred the world. Then followed Paris, and the Treaty of Versailles. The idol was broken. Some of the faithful continued to worship the fragments; some turned back sorrowfully to the unfinished task; some, like Mr. Becker, took refuge in a disillusioned philosophy of the impossibility of progress.

There is all too much justification in history for such a philosophy. Yet we believe that when Woodrow Wilson went to Europe the world was his to mold—if he dared. Instead of forcing open the gates of the Peace Conference, and calling for help to the eager world, ready as never before in our generation for any change (those were the days when revolutions burst like mushrooms out of Europe's soil)—instead of grasping his chance Mr. Wilson went into conference at the Quai d'Orsay, accepted the comfortable mantle of diplomatic secrecy, and was lost. The waiting peoples, without inspiration, without leadership, sank back into the old nationalistic passions and appetites. That Slump in Idealism which Mr. Baker records was a product of the closed conferences; Mr. Wilson must bear his full share of responsibility for it. Two editors of *The Nation* were at the Conference; they cannot, like Mr. Becker, accept Mr. Baker's claim that Mr. Wilson won what little measure of publicity the Peace Conference had. His preference was for open covenants secretly arrived at.

There are other points on which Mr. Becker too lightly takes Mr. Baker's record as gospel. Mr. Baker was Mr. Wilson's last loyal servitor at Paris. Through thick and thin he defended his chief's every act. For him the king could do no wrong. We are glad to give our readers Mr. Becker's judgment of his book, but we cannot agree. Space lacks to go into many details; let us take Mr. Baker's story of the secret treaties as an example, since it concerns *The Nation*. Mr. Baker rests his major defense of Mr. Wilson upon the secret existence of these treaties. Mr. Wilson, it will be recalled, told a group of Senators that he had never heard of them before he went to Paris. That was an extraordinary statement which some of his former devotees, such as Mr. Walter Lippmann, believe untrue, and which at best records an almost incredibly arrogant ignorance. When his statement to that effect—the first draft of this book—appeared in the New York *Times*, the editor of *The Nation* at once telegraphed to Mr. Baker that the New York *Evening Post* had printed the full texts of the treaties in January, 1918, had syndicated them in other newspapers, sent copies to every Senator and Congressman, and sold thousands of copies of them in pamphlet form. Mr. Baker replied, "I shall just have to get down on my humble bones and confess that I did not know of the publication in the *Evening Post*. . . . I can assure you that it shall have due place in my revision of the book." His "revision" consists of a footnote, as follows:

> Earnest attempts were indeed made in America by a small group of radicals in New York to give publicity to such of these secret treaties as were published by the Bolshevists in November, 1917. They were published in the New York *Evening Post*, and in part in six other newspapers out of the thousands in America, and copies were sent to members of Congress: but with little or no effect. Not only was their serious significance not popularly appreciated; but the war spirit was then running at fever-heat and there was a widespread feeling, expressed, for example, by the New York *Nation* of August 3, 1918, that "as to the secret treaties . . . their disclosure weakened the morale and prestige of the Allies, and the treaties were very properly brushed aside by President Wilson."

The Nation, the reader concludes, was caught by the war spirit and felt it best to pay no attention to talk of secret treaties but grimly to fight on. He naturally reads the phrase in the frame of Mr. Baker's context. Let the reader, then, read *The Nation's* editorial in its own frame:

> In the United States public opinion and editorial expression in the press are today much as they were in France and England in 1915. . . . There appears to be a growing belief even in official circles that we must march through to Berlin at any cost. This explains, perhaps, why so little interest was aroused here by the revelations of the secret treaties. . . . As to the secret treaties, however, their disclosure weakened the morale and prestige of the Allies, and the treaties have very properly been brushed aside by President Wilson. *Abroad, however, the treaties still appear to be regarded as binding so far as conditions permit. Only recently, on June 20, Mr. Balfour declared: "These treaties were entered into by this country with other members of the Allies, and to these treaties we stand. . . ."*

The Nation's editorial, then, meant precisely the opposite of what Mr. Baker made it mean. Instead of assenting to neglect of the secret treaties, it was a cry of warning. When *The Nation* said that President Wilson had properly brushed them aside it assumed that he, knowing of the existence of the treaties, was steadfastly refusing to recognize them. Mr. Baker also misstated other facts. The newspapers that published the texts of the treaties included the New York *Evening Post*, the Chicago *Daily News*, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, the Milwaukee *Journal*, the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, the Pittsburgh *Press*, the Baltimore *Sun*, the Richmond *News-Leader*, the St. Paul *Dispatch*, and, in part, the Hartford *Times* and the Buffalo *News*. To say that only "six other newspapers out of the thousands in America" published them and to refer to this as the work of "a small group of radicals in New York"—we should like to know who they were—is simply a falsehood. When a man is so biased that he can pack that many falsities into a single footnote supposed to be a "humble" revision of an error he cannot be trusted as an historian. The incident is symbolic. The would-be historian cannot afford to set loyalty to his chief above loyalty to impartial truth. Some day the documents to which Woodrow Wilson gave Mr. Baker access will be returned whence they were filched and where they belong—to the archives of the nation. And some day an historian will study them and give us an honest record of the Paris Conference. Ray Stannard Baker's book is something else.

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Oil-Burning Politics

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

WHAT other commodity gives us so many nice large events at Washington? I dedicate these few admiring paragraphs to oil.

Senator La Follette—day after day—at the end of a long table in a committee room on the gallery floor of the Senate—his fighting face turned inquisitorially upon rows of citizens who humbly offer him whole suit-cases and whole trunks of documents—is investigating oil and the prices of oil. Senator Walsh of Montana—great constitutional lawyer—is addressing his mighty mind to the mysteries of geology in order that he may be fully prepared to interrogate all comers in the course of the inquiry which presently the Committee on Public Lands will conduct into the matter of Mr. Harry Sinclair's lease from Mr. Secretary Fall of the vast oil resources of the Wyoming Teapot Dome naval land reserve. Mexico is languishing without diplomatic recognition from the United States because President Obregon cannot politically see his way to producing a piece of paper with formal words on it satisfying Mr. Secretary Hughes's anxiety for the legal and physical safety of American corporations in Mexico engaged in producing oil. The United States of Colombia in South America is gradually consuming $25,000,000 of American public governmental money as a tribute from the American Treasury to the Colombian Treasury, explicitly in order that American private business men may be well treated by the Colombian Government in the matter of explorations in Colombia for oil. Palestine and Mesopotamia—the lower valley of the Jordan and the upper reaches of the Tigris—the water with which John the Baptist baptized and the garden which Adam tended—are stirred with the high winds of our American diplomatic crusade for the open door in the international search for oil. The patient and unobtrusive Dutch—getting quietly fatter and fatter in the isles of the South Seas off Singapore—are haled into the arena of international controversy by our exigent notes demanding that we Americans be allowed to "assist"—such is the elegance of the language of diplomacy—"assist"—in the development of a certain resource of the Dutch East Indies—namely, oil. Coal is by comparison local. Cotton is by comparison tame. Oil is really international and quite considerably belligerent.

In the year 1906 the oil industry of America had for its principal purpose and achievement the production of some 33,000,000 barrels of kerosene. In the year 1921, besides producing some 46,000,000 barrels of kerosene, it had a totally new principal purpose and achievement—namely, the production of 150,000,000 barrels of gasoline. Motor cars have necessitated the struggle for more and more oil, and Mr. Ford, our great lover of peace, is one of the chief causes—unconscious but compelling—of the world's present belligerent oil diplomacy.

In the year 1919 our imports of crude oil into the United States were 14 per cent of the volume of our domestic production of it. In the year 1920 they were 24 per cent of our domestic production. In the year 1921 they were 27 per cent. Washington needs no oil lobby to tell it that if we are going to joy-ride and truck-ride and plow with oil, we shall have to look overseas for the means with which to do it.

The very first act of this Administration was to come into the Senate with an outright—though unintentional—canard about British governmental ownership of British international oil companies. By means of this canard it induced the Senate to give the United States of Colombia $25,000,000 in alleged compensation for an alleged wrong which both of the Administration's principal spokesmen had previously declared did not exist. Mr. Secretary Fall and Senator Lodge had previously signed their names to a report in which they said "The Colombian Government has no just or equitable claim against this nation." Nevertheless, on April 12, 1921, Mr. Lodge laid on the desk of each of his fellow-Senators a document containing the names of some one hundred and twenty-three oil companies associated with the Royal Dutch-Shell interests, and asserted that these interests were British governmental interests, and exclaimed "it would be a very serious matter if we were cut off by the governmental competition of other nations from an increasing oil supply." He added, "England is taking possession of the oil supply of the world." This idea and the document maintaining it came from Mr. Secretary Fall. Britain, as a nation, as a government, was seen flinging the Union Jacket over the oil lands of Colombia. Against it we hurled the Stars and Stripes in a gesture which previously a majority of the Senate had declared to be striking the flag to blackmail. We voted $25,000,000 of apology to Colombia for Theodore Roosevelt's "taking" of Panama; and in the succeeding months of the year 1921 the Petroleum Company, Ltd., an American "Standard" company, acquired large exploratory rights in Colombian territory. . . . The British Government in fact does not own the Royal Dutch-Shell Company. The British Government has no investment in it. The only known and proved oil investment of the British Government is in the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. In that company the British Government has an interest without having a control. The idea that the British Government owns and controls the British world adventures in oil is pure myth.

So is the idea that these adventures have given Britain "the oil supply of the world." Last week the Standard Oil Company of California was here in Washington testifying before Senator La Follette. It had spent several weeks accumulating data which it brought to Washington in a trunk of admirable size. It felt lost when Senator La Follette was content with investigating it for the space of just one day. It had looked forward to being investigated to the bottom of the trunk and had packed the trunk with some wonderful proofs of its virtues. It felt frustrated. Finding it in that state of mind, I addressed to it a few companionable, reviving questions on British oil diplomacy. I got the sort of answer which on that point I usually—not always, but usually—get from American oil men of genuinely broad experience. The Standard Oil Company of California is doing explorations for oil in Colombia, in Ecuador, in the Argentine, and in various other places. It encounters no British monopoly. It is not crushed by British intrigue. It does not get ousted from anywhere by the British Foreign Office. It is putting many millions of its silver dollars into holes in foreign territory, and it gets all

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the chances it can use for drilling those holes and for dropping those dollars into them.

The ultimate proof of the ridiculousness of the idea of any attempted British world oil monopoly is in Persia. If any non-British country might well be regarded as a British oil preserve, it is Persia, where Mr. W. K. D. Arcy, a Briton, got a concession for the Anglo-Persian Oil Company more than twenty years ago, and where the British Government on behalf of an oil supply for its naval ships has become a shareholder in that company to the extent of £4,250,000, and where—finally—the passion of Mr. Winston Churchill for marching up hills and down again put temporarily a thin red line of occupying heroic—or at any rate fatigued—Tommies. Yet in Persia itself the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey and the Sinclair Consolidated Oil Corporation are reported by the British press to be vigorously pushing the oil door open for American entrance.

A line is to be drawn between the sort of thing that we did in the Colombian treaty and the sort of thing that we are doing to back our oil companies in Persia, in Mesopotamia, in Palestine, in the Dutch East Indies, and elsewhere. In the Colombian treaty we put American public governmental money into the international private scramble for oil lands. Elsewhere we are simply trying to see to it that by our governmental influence our oil adventurers shall suffer no artificial disadvantages in their adventuring.

In the Dutch East Indies we have failed. The beautiful Djambi fields were committed to a company which the Dutch Government liked but which was "assisted" by no American oil company, although two American oil companies were palpitating with the emotion of "assistance." In the case of the Dutch East Indies we were handicapped by the case of the Philippines. We do not grant equality of opportunity to foreigners on public lands in the Philippines. The Dutch were stolidly unmoved by our rhetoric regarding the charms of equality of opportunity in the Dutch East Indies.

In Mesopotamia, in Palestine, in all other "mandated" territories, our diplomacy has been on a firmer argumentative ground and has achieved a high degree of actual success. We helped to defeat Germany and therefore helped to hand over the ex-German "mandated" territories in Asia and in Africa to the British and the French. They point out to us that we do not now help them carry the cost of shooting Arabs and others who object to being "mandated." They nevertheless, in spite of our drawing back from a comradeship in the expense of "mandated" military campaigns, profess themselves completely willing now to admit us to a comradeship in the exploitation of "mandated" natural resources. Mr. Hughes has brought them firmly to that point; and—considering the great natural difficulty after all of persuading people who have to do all of the shooting of the natives that they ought to share the shooting of the oil wells—he would seem to deserve credit.

It is an achievement which is not without its bearing upon the negotiations at Lausanne. If our Mr. Child at Lausanne seems sometimes to be quite severe toward the Turks, he doubtless is moved by the esteem which I often have noticed in him for missionaries, but he doubtless also —if he is in touch with the State Department at Washington—is not unmindful of the fact that with the British established in the Mosul district we now are certain of the open door, whereas with the Turks established there we could not be certain of it. The lion and the eagle are at peace in the regions where the Hebrew prophet saw them in his vision. All that remains now to do is to find the oil and get it out—which has not yet at all been done.

With no oil coming from Palestine and Mesopotamia and with only a greatly reduced amount of oil coming from Russia, the importance of Mexico remains undiminished and even enhanced. Because of Mexican oil we violate the principle announced over and over again by the founders of this Republic, to the effect that it is and ought to be our policy to recognize all *de facto* governments. The State Department is accordingly suspected of being in a sinister sense under the influence of an "oil lobby." My best endeavors reveal no such influence there in that sense. The State Department—so far as I can see—is influenced in the first place by the currently accepted notion that just as every American citizen is nowadays under a moral obligation to reform the habits of every other American citizen, so the American nation is under a moral obligation to reform the habits of all other nations and peoples. Mr. Hughes is just as much under the influence of this notion as the mass of the rest of us. We reformed the Pueblos to within an inch of their lives, and unless the Mexicans continue to have enough military strength to make it difficult for us we shall reform them similarly. In the second place our State Department—without consulting any oil lobby whatsoever—knows that for our ships at sea as well as for our vehicles on land we need increasingly more oil than we seem likely to be able to produce out of our own soil. Patriotically, therefore, Mr. Hughes insists that there shall be no shadow of doubt that a recognized Mexican Government will give American oil companies an assured exercise of their acquired rights in Mexican soil. Meanwhile, in order to use up our local supplies of oil as rapidly as possible, we have broken into all our naval-oil public-land reserves in California and in Wyoming. Mr. Fall, who was so eager in 1921 to use American governmental resources to assist American private capital in Colombia, was equally eager in 1922 to use American governmental resources to assist American private capital to produce oil for the American market out of the Teapot Dome naval oil reserve in Wyoming. Senator Walsh, who has no superior in the Senate as a legal analyzer of principles and of facts, will presently take Mr. Fall in hand and will then proceed to analyze three things. One: The negotiations between Mr. Fall and Mr. Sinclair for the leasing of Teapot Dome to Mr. Sinclair were secret and gave Mr. Sinclair's competitors no opportunity to compete. Two: There was no geological necessity for exploiting the whole of the Teapot Dome at present. Three: Mr. Sinclair's competitors profess to be scandalized by Mr. Sinclair's prospective profits and they support their professions by many calculations which they are eager to paint on the sky. It will be Washington's *cause celèbre* in this quadrennium.

It is oil.

Oil also—ultimately—is the opening of Russia. Oil men in New York, on behalf of a company bearing the name of Standard, have invested in the securities of Russian oil companies of the old regime and may seem to be gambling on a return of the old regime. Oil men in San Francisco, however, on behalf of a company also bearing the name of Standard, have invested in the Vanderlip Russian oil concession, which is a concession from the new Bolshevik regime. Sinclair interests have likewise invested in a concession from the new Bolshevik regime—in the island of Sakhalin. The Barnsdall Oil Corporation also has invested

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in a Bolshevik oil concession—in the Baku district—and is on its way physically to working it. A gentleman intimately known to Mr. Hoover—it is thought not by Mr. Hoover's suggestion or counsel—has undertaken to supply a large amount of oil machinery to the Russian Government for use in the Baku district. If Mr. Hughes could be controlled by the pressures of "lobbies," he long ago would have recognized the Soviet Republic. The commercial pressure toward the Soviet Republic at Washington is stronger than the commercial pressure against it. The pressure against it is very largely legal, moral, sentimental, social. In time this resisting negative pressure is certain to be overcome. In overcoming it the chief influence is not Senator Borah or Senator Johnson. It is oil, oil, the need of oil.

The Italian Labor Line-Up

By CARLETON BEALS

Rome, January 15

YESTERDAY evening I visited the Modernissimo movie theater in Rome to see for the second time the film showing the "march on Rome." During the early part of November, less than a week after the Black Shirts had whirled into power, that film was greeted by an audience that spent most of its time standing on the seats, shouting "Viva Mussolini!" But last night the audience did not even bother to clap for his picture; they laughed at his awkwardness in manipulating a frock coat and silk hat. For when an Italian is not on the peaks of emotion, he jokes—jokes about his idols and his gods.

The truth is that the millennium promised by the Fascisti is coy. The fabulous fund that they were to raise to meet this year's national deficit does not materialize. Foreign capital does not rush in to buy worn-out public utilities.

Little embarrassing differences of opinion are cropping up. A stray note in the *Popolo d'Italia*, the most authoritative administration paper, regrets that the newspapers of the capital are giving the Government considerable concern. The press has lost its first fear and is again discussing matters. Don Sturzo, leader of the Popular Party, has emerged from three months of silence to make a guarded attack on Mussolini's methods. The deputies of Montecitorio, members of a twentieth-century John Barebones Parliament, having sleeked down their hair, adjusted their cravats, and swallowed their Adam's-apples, are venturing to knock and reenter the various ministerial doors to make minor requests for appointments. Mussolini and the King have had disagreements over etiquette and precedence. From the solemn salons where the Cabinet meets come reiterated rumors of two irreconcilable currents of opinion; a division along the lines of social reform *vs.* foreign aggression. And the nationalist elements are in turn divided between the moderates and those clamoring for the immediate occupation of Fiume, Dalmatia, and other Mediterranean outposts, a serious split that has led to armed conflicts over the possession of Fascist headquarters in Rome, Venice, Bari, and other centers. And the administration newspapers are vainly trying to gloss over the revolts of the Royal Guard in Turin, Naples, and elsewhere.

An even greater fermentation is taking place in the syndicalist field. Fascist syndicalism, the organization known as the Fascist Federation of Corporations, is a year old; it has cut its first teeth. It is a precocious youngster. It almost equals in strength the Catholic Italian Federation of Workers and far surpasses the General Federation of Labor composed of Socialists and Communists. In addition to these three main groups, there exist numerous independent labor *sindacati* and the rather incalculable labor following of Gabriel D'Annunzio, among whom are the marine workers captained by Giuseppe Giulietti. The party schisms that have ruffled Italian politics during the post-war period are all faithfully reflected in the labor field. But the situation, at the present moment, is marked, first, by the withdrawal of the Fascist Federation of Corporations from the National Fascist Party in order to constitute itself ostensibly an autonomous labor organization; and, second, by a definite attempt to create a united syndicalist confederation of all the Italian proletariat. There is the further, rather hazy, suggestion in various quarters to create a labor party modeled upon the English pattern.

The spirit behind the scenes appears to be D'Annunzio. Some time ago he intervened to bring together the Fascist marine workers and the Marine Federation of Captain Giulietti. He has since been negotiating with D'Arragone, the most active head of the General Federation of Labor, and other leaders, in order to promote syndicalist unity. Whatever the personal aspirations behind this attempt by D'Annunzio, or whether inspired by an earlier bitterness between him and Mussolini, the unification of the Italian labor movement has intrinsic significance. The Italian labor movement is an outgrowth of the '48 revolution, an outgrowth of the Garibaldian revolt, an outgrowth of the Young Italy movement. During the first decades following 1870, Italian labor was largely inspired by Mazzini; it organized itself into study circles, established workmen's schools, and was mildly republican. But during the last ten years of the nineteenth century the Marxian current became more powerful—and more feared. Premier Crispi, responsible for the Abyssinian fiasco, attempted to curb the more radical organizations, both Socialist and Catholic. David Albertario, editor of the *Osservatore Cattolico*, and Filippo Turati, editor of *La Critica Sociale*, were led handcuffed through the streets of Milan in the same file of prisoners.

The *sindacati*, or labor unions, however, developed more unostentatiously and quite independent of the Socialist Party. Many of them were in the form of cooperatives and enjoyed the subsidized support of the Government. They were welded into the Organizzazione di Resistenza, later into the General Federation of Labor, which was innocent of all political connections. It concerned itself, not only with wages and hours, but with all questions affecting labor.

But during the war and the post-war, especially after the arrival of bolshevism in Russia, revolutionary sentiment dominated both the Federation and the Socialist Party. The war increased the economic importance of the proletariat of Milan and Turin—both industrial cities—and these new industrial workers wrenched the control of the party from the hands of the small tradesmen and the peasants and also dominated the Federation of Labor. Both organizations following the armistice, and particularly after the signing

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of the Peace of Versailles, leaped to commanding positions. The Socialist vote trebled. The Federation increased from a few hundred thousand members to about two millions. An alliance was struck between the syndicalist and political movements, an alliance which ended in the complete subordination of the Federation to the Socialist Party.

Yet the Federation, though ruled by a single political party, still enjoyed privileged governmental recognition; its members honeycombed the Giolittian bureaucracy; its employment offices exercised a thorough monopoly of the labor supply. But the alliance with the Socialist Party was debilitating. It undermined syndicalist unity. Don Sturzo, leader of the Popular Party, interceded with Premier Nitti and forced him to grant the same rights and privileges to the Catholic Federation of Workers, which in 1919 had a membership well over the million mark. This Catholic Federation is the offspring of the Rerum Novarum and the Christian-social movement of Toniolo. It is international without being revolutionary—a sort of middle-of-the-road movement.

The emergence of the D'Annunzian labor unions heralded a third tendency that has since developed along the lines of Fascism—that of "national syndicalism." I traced the rise of the Fascist corporations in an earlier issue of *The Nation*. The corporations have battled for the same governmental recognition as the Socialist and Catholic unions; at the same time, they have demanded that a clear-cut division be made between State and Labor.

Thus have been created three flourishing movements, corresponding to an historic division in Italian politics—to the three unification forces of the Risorgimento: Savoyard Nationalism, Garibaldian revolution, and Catholicism.

But the General Federation of Labor, the most historic movement, has been somewhat shattered during the past two years by both external and internal forces. Internal disruption has resulted, first, from a too intoxicating era of prosperity through governmental patronage, and, secondly, by the tripartite post-war split (Socialist, Centrist, Maximalist-Communist) which has broken the Socialist Party and nullified all positive action by the General Federation. This split has hastened the stampede of the majority of the Federation members into the Fascist corporations.

The outside destructive agencies have been the Catholic and Fascist labor movements, especially the latter. Still, it cannot be gainsaid that the Fascist drive has clarified the situation and put an end to many unholy dealings between labor unions and labor cooperatives, on the one hand, and the Government and the Socialist-controlled communes, on the other.

Now the General Federation is by no means the anti-nationalist organization it became in 1918-1920. The basis, therefore, exists for a rapprochement with the Fascist corporations, and it is with this hope that D'Annunzio and other prominent leaders are exercising their efforts.

But that Mussolini will receive united labor support seems unlikely. The raw memory of the Fascist attacks on the *Camere del Lavoro* throughout Italy, the Fascist fear of communism, the very intimate bonds between the Popular Party and the Italian Federation of Labor, all operate to keep the three leading organizations too far apart for even a working alliance. Then there is the jealousy between the Mussolini and the D'Annunzian camps, jealousy not unmixed with fear on the former side.

At present Mussolini is playing off a defunct Chamber of Deputies against the rabid nationalists of his own party by whom he dare not be governed. This situation cannot last. Mussolini is crushing the Nationalists proper, but he is not building up a party with broad social interests to serve as a foundation for his government. Instead he is falling back upon a hand-picked group of Fascist militia. The basis for their selection is their war records and their past proficiency in shooting up villages and wrecking newspaper offices. The voices in the corridors of the Council of State, the ferment in the labor movement, the veiled jibes in some of the newspapers, merely hint at an unorganized opposition that must some day find outlet.

Arbuckle and the I. W. W.

By CATHERINE HOFTELING

"Away with this man and release unto us Barabbas!"

THE facts of their conviction are so raw and unjust that it is like telling a vulgar story to relate them. The papers said briefly that "ten self-admitted Industrial Workers of the World were found guilty under the State criminal syndicalism act." They didn't even mention their names.

Now, it almost seems as though the San Francisco papers might have mentioned the name of young Peter Beazley, born and brought up here in this city, a boy of twenty-one, educated in the public schools. As a sinner it would seem that he deserved that much publicity—especially when one considers that Fatty Arbuckle not only filled the papers but the drawing-rooms and club meets—and still does. All the hideous and salacious details of Arbuckle's alleged crime have been mouthed lingeringly and long. But if one were to mention the crime of Peter Beazley speculatively and as though it were discussable, one would be met with suspicion and a queer silence. Which goes to prove that sins have their standing just as people do and that a sin against the Decalogue is accepted but a sin against the *status quo* is unmentionable.

This, briefly, is the story of Peter and the nine others: Last March two men were on trial in Sacramento charged with criminal syndicalism and the call went out from the defense for witnesses to testify that the I. W. W. does not advocate or practice violence. It seemed an orderly thing to do considering that the prosecution had their witnesses to prove that the I. W. W. does advocate and practice violence. So the call went out and from all the countryside they came pouring in.

Three witnesses for the defense were called the first morning of the trial. Anita Whitney had just started to testify that in all her years of contact with the I. W. W. boys she had never heard a hint of advocacy of violence among them, when her testimony was struck out because she was not a member of the organization. Peter was called next and having admitted membership was allowed to testify, and so was young LaRue, a sailor lad of twenty years.

When the noon recess came the jury was hustled out and then, before they left the courtroom, young Beazley and LaRue were arrested—because they were members. When the case went to the jury ten men were in jail for testifying in defense of their fellow-workers and their organization. I must emphasize it: The two laborers on trial were allowed no witnesses before this "bar of justice" but members of the I. W. W. and any man who acknowledged membership in the I. W. W. was immediately arrested and faced with

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a term of from one to fourteen years in the penitentiary.

The Sacramento "can" in summer time is, they say, as hot as hades. The bail was impossibly high and so during all the summer months they sweltered in jail. Then they went to trial and—heigh-ho! got a hung jury; which would never do. So the State disbarred their lawyer, Elmer Smith of Centralia, Washington, from practicing in the State of California. Then came the second trial and a second disagreement of the jury. By this time you might have thought that the State would have wiggled out of an embarrassing and costly trial by dismissing the case. But no. Ten Don Quixotes willing to go to the bat for their beliefs could not be tolerated. So during the holiday season, almost on the birthday of our blessed Lord, the ten were convicted and now they have been sentenced and presently they will go over the sun-kissed road that runs reluctantly through the winter-green meadows to where the gray walls of San Quentin wait to close them in. Beans for breakfast, beans for dinner, beans for supper, no green vegetables until they are free again, and one egg once a year, on Easter morning.

The diet, the confinement, the jute mill, the cell will be hard for young Edwards, the lumber-jack from the North; and for Rutherford, a fine, clean young Scotchman, plumber by trade; and for O'Meara, who has sold more wobbly papers under more noses of bulls than can be counted. Kayler and Zangler, seasonal laborers used to the open, will be clicked into a cell every night. "Whitey" Anderson will find the Pen different from the logging camp, and as for Walter Smith, he has already done a "jolt" for the organization in Leavenworth, so they'll probably bury him, a second-timer, at Folsom. Smith is also a member of the General Executive Board of the organization. And there is old Jack Nash. Some would say that after riding the rods, sleeping in hay mows or in the bunks of the dirt camps, San Quentin would seem like a home. But it won't. It is hard to think of guards ordering that old rebel about.

So presently they will go over the road, and Coutts and Diamond and Townsend, the three stool-pigeons whose word sent them there, will go to their country homes, homes made fleecy by the salaries paid them by the people of the State.

And Fatty Arbuckle. It is very important to consider Arbuckle in this matter, for to understand the attitude toward him is to understand the apathy toward these others. Whether Fatty is guilty or not is not so important. The point is that those who are for him and those who are against still discuss him seriously. The women's clubs hear speakers pro and con on the subject of this Arbuckle, but never will they allow a discussion of the prosecutions under the criminal syndicalism act in their midst—not even a breath of it. Fatty's was a sin of the Decalogue; the I. W. W. boys—theirs is a sin against the *status quo*. "Crucify him! Crucify him! Release unto us Barabbas!" The crime against these workers in dirt, these builders of the famed California highways, is met by a great bourgeois silence. California is no worse than other States. It is only richer, more golden, with a fatter *status quo*, against which a crime is greater.

That is all. What can be done about it? Handcuffed, these ten men will presently go over the road through the sunshine, past the flower beds that surround the prison; the waters of the bay will sparkle flippantly, the gates will click, and for years to come the young sailor lad, LaRue, and the old mule skinner, Jack Nash, and the eight others will never see the stars.

In the Driftway

MORE than the usual number of inquiries having come in of late concerning the identity and disposition of the Drifter, and more than the usual number of persons (of both sexes) having failed in that most futile of all attempts, an appointment with him, he is touched. Not that he is stricken to the extent of being willing to disclose very much. The Drifter, indeed, never relished another conversation more than that with a visitor to *The Nation* to whom he explained that the Drifter never called but always sent his copy by messenger. However, he will quote what was said of him once in another city. The most precious clipping in his possession—and that is saying a good deal—is an obituary of himself written by the editor of a paper in the West for which the Drifter drifted many years ago. The editor had allowed him leave on a somewhat vague assignment, which he explained was hazardous and unprecedentedly personal, and when he did not return within a year assumed him to have been extinguished. He never returned. This is what the editor wrote:

* * * * *

"THE readers of the *Rag* will be distressed to hear that the Drifter is no more. The particulars of his death are not available, or we should gladly give them to a public which has shown itself eager for every scrap of fact about this singular author. In lieu of them we mean to supply the most accurate and candid description of him possible, hoping that we do not betray the memory of a person whose living wishes we ever attempted to gratify. Our only regret is that there is little to tell. Regular and dependable as he was about the office—for he came each day on the minute and went on the minute—he still left only a confused impression on his colleagues. Some of them now remember him as a very old man, while others maintain that he barely had attained maturity, and several either put him in the middle years or confess themselves unable to think of any age in connection with him at all. The same with his dress. The staff is about evenly divided between those who are certain that he was scrupulous to the point of exasperation and those who are certain that he seemed never to give his person a thought other than to keep it presentable. All agree, incidentally, that his appearance—whatever it was—never altered from week to week. Those who were fortunate enough to hear his voice (he seldom spoke) cannot recall it, for their attention was rather upon what he was saying than upon the tone in which it was being said. The tone, however, is conceded to have been mild and not unmusical. The greatest dissension is over his opinions, which to be frank were anything but consistent. There is hardly an issue, political, aesthetic, or moral, of which he does not appear to have supported two, or even three, sides; not in argument, for he was never heard to dispute, but in brief asides to the wall-paper, the typewriter, or the cuspidor. The truth is that he took the color of any mind he met—a weakness if you please, though that will be denied in some quarters. One further heresy about the Drifter is much too silly to dwell on. There are those who challenge his sex. They claim not to remember any feature or attribute that was male, and refer to him frequently as 'her.' This is no paradox, they say, or no insult; it merely represents what they saw. The answer is obvious. No woman had ever the curiosity of—"

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

Shall These Men Die When Morse Is Free?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I note in your issue of October 25 a letter from political prisoners to write President Warren G. Harding, White House, Washington, D. C., asking for the prompt and unconditional release of two I. W. W. prisoners, Caesar Tabib and Edward Quigley, who are seriously ill, as well as of the other fifty odd still in jail, some under twenty-year sentences. Here is a report from Dr. Allen L. Porter of Kansas City, noted specialist on tuberculosis:

Caesar Tabib. Prognosis: Unfavorable. This patient has an active form of tuberculosis and it is a mere guess as to how long he will live. It will be of material advantage to him to be moved to a different climate and there is no doubt his life would be prolonged if such could be accomplished.

Edward Quigley. Prognosis: This patient has a very active form of tuberculosis and will probably not live more than three or four years under any condition. It would be of material advantage to him to be moved to a different climate and there is no doubt his life would be prolonged if such could be accomplished.

These men have been imprisoned for their ideals for four years. They will not ask for executive clemency; instead they face their long sentences with courage and faith. It is so little that we can do; shall we fail them?

New York, February 1 MARGUERITE TUCKER

Secretary Weeks and Army Espionage

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have received from your office the January 31 issue of *The Nation* containing as an inclosure to a communication from a correspondent at Portland, Oregon, a letter which was sent out by the Intelligence Officer at Vancouver Barracks, Washington; and a statement on the subject is requested of me.

In reply I am pleased to say that the letter quoted in *The Nation* was sent out without the knowledge or sanction of the War Department and was entirely uncalled for by any instructions emanating from the Military Intelligence Division of the General Staff since its resumption of the functions appropriate to time of peace.

It hardly need be said that the surveillance of domestic organizations or groups is not at all the "primary purpose" of the Military Intelligence Division, the authorized activities of which are clearly set forth in Army Regulations 10-15:

The Military Intelligence Division is charged, in general, with those duties of the War Department General Staff which relate to the collection, evaluation, and dissemination of military information.

The Military Intelligence Division is specifically charged with the preparation of plans and policies and the supervision of all activities concerning:

1. Military topographical surveys and maps.
2. The custody of the General Staff map and photograph collection.
3. Military attachés, observers, and foreign-language students.
4. Intelligence personnel of all units.
5. Liaison with other intelligence agencies of the Government and with duly accredited foreign military attachés and missions.
6. Codes and ciphers.
7. Translations.
8. Relations with the press.
9. Censorship in time of war.

Investigations of the kind mentioned in Lieutenant Long's letter are not included in the peace-time activities of the Military Intelligence Division, the practice of which is carefully to avoid any duplication of the work appropriate to the Department of Justice. In this connection it may be stated that misapprehension on the part of subordinate intelligence officers as to their legitimate duties has caused instructions to the foregoing effect to be issued upon two separate occasions.

The fact that such a letter had been sent out by Lieutenant Long had already been brought to my attention. I have directed that the matter be thoroughly investigated, with a view to determining the cause of his unauthorized action and to the application of such corrective measures as may prove to be necessary. JOHN W. WEEKS

War Department, Washington, D. C., January 30

From General Pershing

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am pleased to assure you, in reply to your letter of January 31, that the army is the same old army that you have always known. The action of the young lieutenant has not the slightest justification under the policy of the Military Intelligence Division. Commanding officers have, on the contrary, been repeatedly and specifically directed to discontinue the domestic surveillance that had been established as a war necessity.

American citizens need ascribe no more importance to this incident than is due the purely individual action of a misguided young man whose imagination has apparently warped his judgment and led him to exceed his authority. An investigation has been directed and suitable corrective action will follow.

JOHN J. PERSHING

Office of the Chief of Staff, Washington, D. C., February 5

More Poetic and More Correct

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the issue of *The Nation* for January 24 I note, in the first paragraph of the Drifter's column, what appears to me an erroneous rendering of the name "Rothaargebirge" as "Red-haired Mountains." My smattering of German philology and my rambles among the Alps of German Switzerland suggest that a more plausible analysis of this compound would place the "h" in the first syllable, thus yielding the more poetic combination "Red Eagle Mountains." The well-known orthographic conservatism of proper names, including place names, would easily account for the retention of the final "h," now sloughed off after "t" in the majority of German words not derived from the Greek, and this interpretation is further substantiated by the occurrence of "Aar" in several such names of mountains as "Finsteraarhorn."

Cambridge, Mass., February 3 KENNETH G. DARLING

Friends of Negro Freedom

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I note in your issue of October 25 a letter from one G. A. Steward of Columbus, Ohio, regretting that there is no organization known as the Friends of Negro Freedom. He speaks of what good work the Friends of Irish Freedom and the Friends of Freedom for India have done for their respective causes, and goes on to say what similar work might be accomplished by such a Negro movement.

Permit me to say that the Friends of Negro Freedom have been in existence since May, 1920, when a group of colored men and women met at Washington, D. C., and drew up and promulgated a program designed to deal with the economic, social, and political interests of the Negro.

Since August 6, 1922, the New York council of the organization has been conducting an educational forum every Sunday at New Douglas Hall, 142nd Street and Lenox Avenue. Among the speakers who are addressing the forum this year are A. Philip Randolph and Chandler Owen, two eminent young Negroes in liberal and radical circles; Robert W. Bagnall and William Pickens, of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and many others.

New York, November 1 FLOYD J. CALVIN

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The Control of Coal

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Dr. Warbasse's plea in *The Nation* of September 13 for the ownership and control of coal by consumers' cooperative societies is naive, and greatly simplifies the intricate economic problem. The cooperative idealist believes that the future industrial system will be based upon the extension of methods of trading in domestic goods to the conduct of all industry. His illusion arises from failure to distinguish quite diverse types of consumption—that of the familiar household and individual kind, with which the cooperative movement has been almost exclusively concerned, and that of undifferentiated produets like electricity, water, or railway service, to which G. D. H. Cole has given the name "collective consumption." With the latter, as in the making of machines, we are dealing with industrial organization requiring great plant. Coal is, generally speaking, such a product. Five-sixths of the tonnage in the United States is bituminous, and 85 per cent of this output is consumed in industrial plants by about one-tenth of 1 per cent of the population.

Much may of course be said for cooperation as the basis of a true democratic representation of consumers in their personal and domestic capacity, but failure to distinguish the diverse needs and issues of collective consumption begs the real questions of democracy in industry. This picture of consumers' control of coal contains a healthy *non sequitur*, a nimble jump of the wide gulf between cooperative marketing and democratic production; the writer almost unconsciously enlarges his vision of democracy from the prospect of running a few cooperative coal agencies to the vista of a basic industry run democratically and efficiently. How this change is to come, he does not tell us. How, for instance, is the capital for this vast enterprise to be acquired by consumers, and technical management secured?

And even if non-profit-making production by federated consumers were practicable, this plan ignores the best judgment as to the scope of cooperation. In their recent volume on the British Commonwealth the Webbs express their mature opinion that "in certain industries and services nationalization or municipalization will prove to be the better form of socialization." Coal is uniquely an industry where with socialization, as the Webbs put it, "only interest as citizens can give control of administration." With a quasi-public utility like coal the future well-being of the nation is involved, and interest in the conservation of a great natural resource is clearly in opposition to the interest of the present generation in cheap coal.

Yet Dr. Warbasse's indictment of nationalization is valid; danger of setting up "a machine-made bureaucracy" lurks in the program of state control. But is it not clear that if the government cannot effectively develop the intricate economic functions of representing the people in industry, a group of cooperators, however idealistic, cannot possibly do so? The truth is that the pertinent economic emphasis in coal should be upon production, not consumption, upon function and service, not upon a hazy common interest. Production results from ownership and effort, and with active responsibilities alone should go control.

The public fact-finding body should point the way to reform in this highly competitive and overdeveloped industry. Nationalization would seem remote in America; certainly not inevitable, as Dr. Warbasse fears. Public interest can express itself, however, in governmental encouragement to stabilization of the coal business. Such aid may lie in the removal of obstacles to effective combination among producers, possibly in the legalization of associations for the selling of coal. More efficient correlation with the transportation system, with adjustment of freight rates and car-supply, would help. The extension on a national basis of the established system of collective bargaining between operators and men would tend, through "joint control" of wages and working conditions, to stabilize the coal industry, and it is of vital significance for the development of responsible democracy.

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania Francis Tyson

Where Book Buyers Shop in Chicago

Chicago's immense and growing army of book-buyers have been trained and accustomed for more than eight years to "shop" in The Wednesday Book Page of The Chicago Daily News—the one outstanding, popular medium of literary information in this market.

A continuous record of intelligent, efficient service of almost a decade, to the reading public of Chicago, has established The Book Page as a local institution. Wednesday is popularly known as "Book Page Day" among Chicago booklovers.

This leadership in the Chicago literary field has inevitably been reflected in the distribution of book advertising among Chicago newspapers. Advertisers selling books in Chicago know that the one efficient and sufficient medium for such sale is The Chicago Daily News—as the following figures for 1922 will attest:

Total Volume of Book Advertising in Chicago Daily and Sunday Newspapers from January 1 to December 31, 1922*

		Comparison
The Chicago Daily News	173,475 lines	173,475 lines
The Post	102,155 "	102,155 "
The Daily Tribune	49,415 "	
The Daily Herald-Examiner	3,473 "	
The American	57 "	
The Journal	1,173 "	
The Sunday Tribune	57,688 "	
The Sunday Herald-Examiner	16,149 "	
The Daily News' excess over the next highest score, that of The Post		71,320 lines

The Chicago Daily News
First in Chicago

* Figures supplied by the Advertising Record Co., an independent audit bureau maintained by all the Chicago newspapers.

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Marianne: "I'll teach you to give no milk, you ugly beast!"
Labor: "Now, what are you after, my girl—milk or beef?"

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International Relations Section

Against the Ruhr Invasion

FRENCH newspapers reveal a greater body of protest against the occupation of the Ruhr than has been reported by the Paris correspondents of the American newspapers. A background for consideration of the attitude of the Paris press is given by a report in *l'Œuvre* (Paris) of January 9 which says:

The Syndicate of the Parisian Press met yesterday afternoon. The president, M. de Nalèsche, who had been invited to call on the Prime Minister the previous day, reported M. Poincaré's desires regarding the role to be played by the press of Paris during the coming operations. M. Poincaré desired that there should be as little talk about them as possible. "These operations are in fact," he said, "the logical result of the execution of the treaty; hence avoid reports which might provoke incidents." . . .

The executive committee of the League of the Rights of Man, an old republican organization, met on January 17, according to *l'Ere Nouvelle* (Paris) for January 18, and adopted the following resolution:

The executive committee has always insisted that there could be no true peace until France had obtained the reparations to which she is entitled. But it protests against the military occupation of the Ruhr, which would be as disastrous from the moral as from the economic point of view. It antagonizes not only the public opinion of the world but also that of the democratic and Socialist groups in Germany from which we should have sought help to obtain legitimate reparations. The committee also protests against an official system of hiding the truth from the people. It expresses the desire that France should return to legal methods and that the problem of reparations and of inter-Allied debts should be deferred to the League of Nations, which would record the possibilities of Germany and impose upon her by all sanctions at its disposal the necessary solution.

When M. Poincaré defended his program before the French Chamber on January 11 not only the Communists and Socialists, but the majority of the so-called Radical and Radical-Socialist Party, which, as has been said, is neither radical nor socialist, abstained from voting, and explained this abstention by a resolution printed in *l'Ere Nouvelle* for January 12, from which we quote a part:

. . . We persist in believing that a problem like that of reparations cannot be solved without international cooperation and in particular without the support of America. . . . The Radical and Radical-Socialist Party considers that the problem of reparations should be treated above all as an economic problem indissolubly linked with the problem of repayment of the debts. It considers, therefore, that such sanctions as may be necessary until German capitalism shall have accepted its obligations and shall have furnished the indisputable guaranties for the issue of an international loan, should be limited to economic sanctions within the zone already occupied, since the best-qualified technical experts have demonstrated that it is possible to make these sanctions effective in using methods already at our disposal.

This policy was defended by several distinguished members of the party. M. Edouard Herriot, former Minister and Senator, now Mayor of Lyons and a Deputy, declared in a speech at Besançon on January 8:

Neither military sanctions nor gestures which satisfy our *amour propre* will bring us what we want. What we want to do is to attack German capitalism by *economic* sanctions. This capitalism must be forced to disgorge, but it will really disgorge only when the problem of peace is put as a world problem. If we Frenchmen remain isolated in handling a question so vast I admit that I shall be very much disturbed.

On January 16 the Committee of Action of the Devastated Regions voted the following resolution (*l'Ere Nouvelle*, January 17):

The committee recalls its efforts in the past two years to obtain large-scale reconstruction by importing German materials and labor.

It regrets the non-acceptance of this program, which dates from July, 1921, which permitted the Wiesbaden agreement and which led to the Berlin agreement of October 24, 1922, with the German Federation of Social Construction.

Therefore, the committee expresses the desire that the Government should seek a solution of the problem of reparations by aiming at a common interest and agreement among the peoples, which alone could secure a definitive peace and the triumph of the democratic spirit.

The French Socialist and Communist parties of course protested violently against the invasion of the Ruhr; the Communist and the non-Communist unions also protested violently. The moderate branch, the General Confederation of Labor, resolved on January 12, as reported in *l'Information Sociale* of January 18, that:

The military occupation of the Ruhr Valley is a dangerous mistake and a crime—a mistake because the burden of reparations will be increased by considerable military expenses, by the maintenance and feeding of a very heavily populated region, whereas no one can indicate what profits can be derived from it; a mistake because the Prime Minister himself has declared that England may be right in saying that a policy of guaranties will produce nothing. The French workers are beginning to pay for this mistake by an increase of 20 per cent in their taxes. The military occupation of the Ruhr is a crime against mankind yearning for reconciliation, and peace will win from this military adventure only more hate and the germs of new wars. It is a crime because the rule of the strongest forces part of the working-class of one country to slavery . . .

The Amsterdam International Trade Union Federation, which includes the more conservative trade unions of all countries of the world except the United States, adopted the following resolution also printed in *l'Information Sociale*, on January 9:

After a profound examination of the attitude taken by the French Government and of the probable results of military occupation of the Ruhr, the International Trade Union Federation confirms its earlier declarations against any policy of violence, affirming that world peace cannot be assured by such methods, which are in flagrant opposition to the right of self-determination.

Expressing the feeling of the organized working-class of all countries, it protests energetically against this reactionary policy of war; it appeals to its affiliated organizations everywhere to work for reference of the question of reparations to the decision of the League of Nations, being convinced that violent methods can only aggravate chaos in Europe and are the expression of a policy of bankruptcy.

Delegates of the Communist Party of France, Germany, Belgium, England, Italy, Czecho-Slovakia, and Holland met at Essen on January 7, just before the French advance, and adopted a long proclamation which is printed in *l'Humanité* for January 10. This proclamation, which

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begins by denouncing the Treaty of Versailles, continues in part as follows:

Workers of Germany! Your enemy is not the French soldier nor the French worker nor the French peasant; your common enemy is German and French capitalism! . . .

The France of Millerand and Poincaré, the France of the plutocrats is at the doors of the Ruhr, ready to seize this guaranty in order to get its pound of flesh from the body of the debtor. Capitalist England fears the alliance of French ore and German coal which France has achieved by force, by entente, or by both methods at once. England sees in this a threat to her dominions, for she wants to make Germany a market for British merchandise, a British colony. Her hands are not free, however, because of the open quarrel over the Turkish booty. America, the most powerful capitalist country, is waiting to intervene in the interest of her export trade and in order to sell her agricultural products.

The Germany of Cuno, Stinnes, and their friends hesitates, uncertain whether it can deliver its working-people to France, England, or America with least damage and most profit to itself. There is no hesitation about its determination to deliver the working-people of Germany to greater exploitation. It is seeking to increase the exploitation, enslavement, and pauperization of German hand and brain workers.

Workers of Europe! The occupation of the Ruhr means a new war, even if there is no armed force in Germany to resist; it will increase the antagonism between the states. It will exasperate and inflame national passions. On both sides of the frontier it will open the way to the most bitter reaction and to all forms of Fascism. It creates new germs of international war. Whatever solution may be discovered by the capitalists it inevitably leads to this result: The working-people will have to work longer and more strenuously. They will have to pay more taxes, eat less, and be ready for more butcheries.

Workers! You alone can oppose this menace. That will be possible only if across the frontiers of countries and of parties you form a common defensive front and oppose to the united offensive of the bourgeoisie a united defensive of the working masses, fraternally allied.

Workers of France, of Belgium, of England, of Germany, of Czecho-Slovakia, of Italy, unite! Shout, Down with the peace of Versailles! War upon imperialist *war!* Down with the sanctions of capitalist governments! Unite to throw the entire burden of the war and of the cost of economic reconstruction upon the shoulders of the capitalists, who are really responsible for the war!

The Day of Mourning

A NATIONAL day of mourning was declared by the Prussian Minister of the Interior after the French occupation of the Ruhr:

The serious breach of right committed by France in disregard of the peace treaty by the illegal occupation of peaceable regions in the west of our sorely tried fatherland fills the entire German people with indignation and profound sorrow. The seriousness of the situation created by the occupation requires no presentation in detail. In order to give dignified outward expression to the sentiments which are agitating the entire population, the Government has set apart the coming Sunday, January 14, as a day of national sorrow. All state and municipal buildings are requested to display the national flag at half mast; theaters and moving-picture halls are requested to suspend all performances not befitting the nature of the day; dances, balls, and amusements of all kinds are prohibited. No extensions of closing hours may be permitted.

In the name of the Prussian Ministry of State,
Minister of the Interior,
SEVERING

Berlin, January 11

To the German People

THE following appeal issued by the President of the German Republic and the Liberal Government on January 11, is translated from the *Kölnische Zeitung* for January 12:

A new outrage has fallen on Germany. With well-calculated force the blow of the French fist strikes at the unprotected vital spot of German industry. It has long been foreseen and yet was unexpected. Foreseen, because the plans and desires of the Paris policy of force have been freely discussed on the public highways and market-places. Unexpected, because there was always the hope that the economic sanity of the French people would curb the political ambitions of its rulers.

If there has indeed been a belief that French necessities might be relieved by the destruction of the center of German industry, the profoundest disappointment must follow. Against the advice of the experts of the world France is making the test. We are convinced that she will fail. We lack the power to prevent this deed of blind rage which is directed against Germany as well as against the economic stability of the world. We have done what we could to avert the calamity. It will be our constant thought to limit and direct the effects of the calamity that is upon us. The dignity and the right of the nation, with which we feel ourselves at one, and the force of a good conscience, guide our policy. All hearts are filled with the overwhelming bitterness of this hour, when other parts of our country are fated to bear the suffering of the foreign yoke. The result of the invasion of our principal strongholds of industry will be increased misery for our sorrow-laden people. But the more pressing is the counsel we address to our compatriots: Do not make harder the lot of those who are already most sorely afflicted. Meet the demand of these days with an upright spirit and a clear mind. Nothing must be done that could injure our just cause. Anyone who allowed himself to play into the hands of the enemy by some rash deed would thereby be guilty of the greatest injury to his own people. The woe and the weal of the entire community depend on the iron self-control of each individual. More than ever we are guided by the example of dignity and moral force which the Rhineland has furnished in years of suffering.

Today we salute above all our faithful Rhenish-Westphalian brothers. You will preserve the oaken tenacity, your ancient inheritance, and survive unscathed this blast of the elements, you whom no storm has ever been able to uproot. You are witnesses of the fact that peace and justice have been violated afresh. Before the world we protest with you against the breach of the treaty, against the serious breach of the moral right of our people to life and self-determination. Hard times are beginning, harder than the years through which we have lived since the war. No one can say how long we shall be tried. We only know that our misery will be intensified and prolonged if the people and the state do not face it in indissoluble union. But we know and hope that a firm united stand of the whole people will shorten it. To this end we will join hands and lift our hearts. Amid all the outward somberness let us on the coming Sunday, in town and country, lift up our spirits, let us consider, in house and hovel, throughout our fatherland, its suffering and the justice of its cause.

President: EBERT.

The Government: DR. CUNO, DR. GESSLER, DR. HERMES, GROENER, DR. BRAUNS, DR. HEINZE, DR. VON ROSENBERG, OESER, DR. BECKER, STINGEL, ALBERT, DR. LUTHER.

Berlin, January 11

Next week The Nation *will publish Robert Watson Winston's article,* North Carolina: A Militant Mediocracy.

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MIDWINTER BOOK SECTION

The Nation

Vol. CXVI, No. 3006 WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1923

D. H. LAWRENCE

You and your friends will want to know and possess the works of

D. H. LAWRENCE

conceded to be the Great Genius of our Age. Each of his works is a distinct and fresh contribution.

WOMEN IN LOVE

John Macy: "Insidious loveliness." This great masterpiece, formerly $15, in a new, unabridged edition. $2.50

ENGLAND, MY ENGLAND

N. Y. Times: "That these stories are all written in a flexible style of fine shadings and swift, delicate strokes is a mere matter of course to all who are familiar with Mr. Lawrence's work. They will prove a fruitful and long-enduring source of pleasure." $2.00

AARON'S ROD

What the greatest English critic says about this novel—*J. Middleton Murry, editor of the London Athenaeum, writing in N. Y. Evening Post:* "The year 1922 has produced two books . . . one of which may make history, D. H. Lawrence's *Aaron's Rod*. It belongs to the future. . . . Some great instinctive vitality in Mr. Lawrence draws him to vital issues."
The Bookman: "Lawrence is almost everywhere regarded as a genius. He has no equal among the writers of his generation." $2.00

THE LOST GIRL

Lawrence's most popular novel. $2.00
Hugh Walpole: "I have the greatest admiration for D. H. Lawrence. He is the only one among us who has broken new ground in the novel."

SEA AND SARDINIA

A superb gift book is this outstanding travel book, illustrated in marvelous keeping with the text in eight full color pictures by the talented young Jan Juta. $5.00

FANTASIA OF THE UNCONSCIOUS

A new and remarkable statement of Lawrence's philosophy.
Here is the "original system of philosophy" predicted by DON MARQUIS when he wrote in the *New York Tribune* of Lawrence's

PSYCHOANALYSIS AND THE UNCONSCIOUS

that he "recommends it because Lawrence is a poet who sees deeper and more clearly than Freud and Jung, is simpler, and free of their obsessions and absurdities." $2.25

THE NINETEEN HUNDREDS

By HORACE WYNDHAM

A volume of reminiscences that is different. Greeted with chuckles of laughter and delight in England. The raconteur will find it a mine of good stories and anecdotes.
S. Morgan-Powell: "A brilliantly pungent volume. The author possesses a very keen sense of humor that enables him to tell stories with aplomb and a relish that adds sharpness to their wit. We begin with his start in literary work, and from that point to the end we read with steadily increasing interest a record as remarkable as anything that has been offered for public perusal for many moons. I have seldom read a book of autobiography that contained so much eminently diverting material for a raconteur. The author's portrait-gallery is astonishingly extensive and varied. His writing has the effect of a powerful tonic upon a jaded system. It stirs the blood. At the same time you are always kept on the verge of laughter—the quiet chuckling kind that gives such intense satisfaction, no matter at what hour you may be reading." $2.50

MIRRORS of MOSCOW

By LOUISE BRYANT

With Portrait Illustrations and Colored Wrapper by Césare

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Translated by D. H. LAWRENCE, S. S. KOTELIANSKY, LEONARD WOOLF

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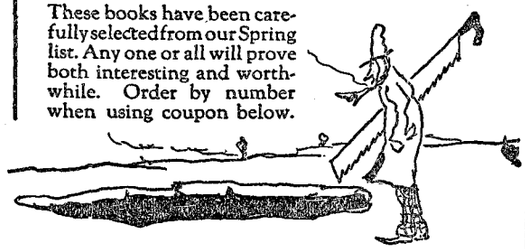

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Midwinter Book Section

The Nation's Prize Poem for 1923

King David

By STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

David sang to his hooknosed harp:
"The Lord God is a jealous God!
His violent vengeance is swift and sharp!
And the Lord is King above all gods!

"Blest be the Lord, through years untold,
The Lord Who has blessed me a thousand fold!

"Cattle and concubines, corn and hives
Enough to last me a dozen lives.

"Plump, good women with noses flat,
Marrowful blessings, weighty and fat.

"I wax in His peace like a pious gourd,
The Lord God is a pleasant God,
Break mine enemy's jaw, O Lord!
For the Lord is King above all gods!"

His hand dropped slack from the tunable strings,
A sorrow came on him—a sorrow of kings.

A sorrow sat on the arm of his throne,
An eagle sorrow with claws of stone.

"I am merry, yes, when I am not thinking,
But life is nothing but eating and drinking.

"I can shape my psalms like daggers of jade,
But they do not shine like the first I made.

"I can harry the heathen from North to South,
But no hot taste comes into my mouth.

"My wives are comely as long-haired goats,
But I would not care if they cut their throats!

"Where are the maids of the desert tents
With lips like flagons of frankincense?

"Where is Jonathan? Where is Saul?
The captain-towers of Zion wall?

"The trees of cedar, the hills of Nod,
The kings, the running lions of God?

"Their words were a writing in golden dust,
Their names are myrrh in the mouths of the just.

"The sword of the slayer could never divide them—
Would God I had died in battle beside them!"

The Lord looked down from a thunder-clap.
(The Lord God is a crafty God.)
He heard the strings of the shrewd harp snap,
(The Lord Who is King above all gods.)

He pricked the king with an airy thorn,
It burnt in his body like grapes of scorn.

The eyelids roused that had drooped like lead.
David lifted his great, tired head.

The thorn stung at him, a fiery bee,
"The world is wide. I will go and see
From the roof of my haughty palace," said he.

II

Bathsheba bathed on her vine-decked roof.
(The Lord God is a mighty God.)
Her body glittered like mail of proof.
(And the Lord is King above all gods.)

Her body shimmered, tender and white
As the flesh of lilies in candlelight.

King David forgot to be old or wise.
He spied on her bathing with sultry eyes.

A breath of spice came into his nose.
He said, "Her breasts are like two young roes."

His eyes were bright with a crafty gleam.
He thought, "Her body is soft as cream."

He straightened himself like an unbent bow
And called a servant and bade him go.

III

Uriah the Hittite came to his lord,
Dusty with war as a well-used sword.

A close, trim man like a belt, well-buckled;
A jealous gentleman, hard to cuckold.

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David entreated him, soft and bland,
Offered him comfits from his own hand,

Drank with him deep till his eyes grew red,
And laughed in his beard as he went to bed.

The days slipped by without hurry or strife,
Like apple-parings under a knife.
And still Uriah kept from his wife.

Lean fear tittered through David's psalm,
"This merry husband is far too calm!"

David sent for Uriah then,
They greeted each other like pious men.

"Thou hast borne the battle, the dust and the heat.
Go down to thy house and wash thy feet!"

Uriah frowned at the words of the king.
His brisk, hard voice had a leaden ring.

"While the hosts of God still camp in the field,
My house to me is a garden sealed.

"How shall I rest while the arrow yet flies?
The dust of the war is still in my eyes."

David spoke with his lion's roar.
"If Peace be a bridle that rubs you sore,
You shall fill your belly with blood and war!"

Uriah departed, calling him kind.
His eyes were serpents in David's mind.

He summoned a captain, a pliable man.
"Uriah the Hittite shall lead the van.

"In the next assault when the fight roars high,
And the Lord God is a hostile God,
Retire from Uriah that he may die.
For the Lord is King above all gods."

IV

The messenger came while King David played
The friskiest ditty ever made.

"News, O King, from our dubious war!
The Lord of Hosts hath prevailed once more!

"His foes are scattered like chirping sparrows,
Their kings lie breathless, feathered with arrows.

"Many are dead of your captains tall.
Uriah the Hittite was first to fall."

David turned from the frolicsome strings
And rent his clothes for the death of kings.

Yet, as he rent them, he smiled for joy,
The sly, wide smile of a wicked boy.

"The powerful grace of the Lord prevails!
He has cracked Uriah between His nails!

"His blessings are mighty, they shall not cease!
And my days henceforth shall be days of peace!"

His mind grew tranquil, smoother than fleece.
He rubbed his body with scented grease,
And his days thenceforward were days of peace.

His days were fair as the flowering lime
—For a little time, for a little time.

And Bathsheba lay in his breast like a dove,
A vessel of amber, made for love.

V

When Bathsheba was great with child,
(The Lord God is a jealous God!)
Portly and meek as a moon grown mild,
(The Lord is King above all gods!)

Nathan, the prophet, wry and dying,
Preached to the king like a locust crying:

"Hearken awhile to a doleful thing!
There were two men in thy land, O King!

"One was rich as a gilded ram.
One had one treasure, a poor ewe-lamb.

"Rich man wasted his wealth like spittle.
Poor man shared with his lamb spare victual.

"A traveler came to the rich man's door.
'Give me to eat, for I hunger sore!'

"Rich man feasted him fatly, true,
But the meat that he gave him was fiends' meat, too,
Stolen and roasted, the poor man's ewe!

"Hearken, my lord, to a deadly thing!
What shall be done with these men, O King?"

David hearkened, seeing it plain,
His heart grew heavy with angry pain:
"Show me the rich man, that he be slain!"

Nathan barked as a jackal can.
"Just, O King! And thou art the man!"

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David rose as the thunders rise
When someone in Heaven is telling lies.
But his eyes were weaker than Nathan's eyes.

His huge bulk shivered like quaking sod,
Shoulders bowing to Nathan's rod,
Nathan, the bitter apple of God.

His great voice shook like a runner's, spent.
"My sin hath found me! Oh, I repent!"

Answered Nathan, that talkative Jew:
"For many great services, comely and true,
The Lord of Mercy shall pardon you.

"But the child in Bathsheba, come of your seed,
Shall sicken and die like a blasted weed!"

David groaned when he heard him speak.
The painful tears ran hot on his cheek.

Ashes he cast on his kingly locks.
All night long he lay on the rocks.

Beseeching his Lord with a howling cry:
"O Lord God, O my jealous God,
Be kind to the child that it may not die,
For Thou art King above all gods!"

VI

Seven long nights he lay there, howling,
A lion wounded, moaning and growling.

Seven long midnights, sorrowing greatly,
While Sin, like a dead man, embraced him straitly.

Till he was abased from his lust and pride
And the child was born and sickened and died.

He arose at last. It was ruddy Day.
And his sin like water had washed away.

He cleansed and anointed, took fresh apparel,
And worshiped the Lord in a tuneful carol.

His servants, bearing the child to bury,
Marveled greatly to see him so merry.

He spoke to them mildly as mid-May weather:
"The child and my sin are perished together.

"He is dead, my son. Though his whole soul yearn to me,
I must go to him, he may not return to me.

"Why should I sorrow for what was pain?
A cherished grief is an iron chain."

He took up his harp, the sage old chief.
His heart felt clean as a new green leaf.

His soul smelt pleasant as rain-wet clover.
"I have sinned and repented and that's all over.

"In his dealings with heathen, the Lord is hard.
But the humble soul is his spikenard."

His wise thoughts fluttered like doves in the air.
"I wonder is Bathsheba still so fair?

"Does she weep for the child that our sin made perish?
I must comfort my ewe-lamb, comfort and cherish.

"The justice of God is honey and balm.
I will soothe her heart with a little psalm."

He went to her chamber, no longer sad,
Walking as light as a shepherd lad.

He found her weeping, her garments rent,
Trodden like straw by God's punishment.
He solaced her out of his great content.

Being but woman, a while she grieved,
But at last she was comforted, and conceived.

Nine months later she bore him a son.
(The Lord God is a mighty God!)
The name of that child was SOLOMON.
He was God's tough staff till his days were run!
(And the Lord is King above all gods!)

More than four thousand manuscripts by about fifteen hundred writers were submitted to The Nation's *poetry contest. The judges, the editors of* The Nation, *after careful consideration have awarded the prize to Stephen Vincent Benét for his poem, "King David." Mr. Benét is one of the younger American poets, being still in his early twenties. He is a graduate of Yale where he won several poetry prizes offered by the university. He is the author of "Five Men and Pompey," "Heavens and Earth," and two novels, "The Beginning of Wisdom" and "Young People's Pride." Among the poems submitted honorable mention should be made of "Birmingham" by Clement Wood, "Saecla Ferarum" by William Ellery Leonard, "I Was Made of This and This" and "I Never Looked on Helen's Face" by Gertrude Robison Ross, "New York City" by Maxwell Bodenheim, "Formation" by Frank Ernest Hill, "Of Glow-Worms" by Dorothy Wyckoff.*

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Sholom Asch*

By JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

IMAGINE a noted foreign journalist stranded in the Tennessee hills after a weary and grimy journey from New York. Now try to imagine which American author, equally stranded in this mountain hamlet, could, by the mere mention of his name and the request that the foreigner be made welcome, send the entire population scurrying to the best house in the village to clean and cook and in all other ways prepare a perfect lodging for the stranger. Such was the situation in a little Polish town last year, and thus did Sholom Asch find food and lodging for a distinguished American journalist, who reports that Asch was received like a king by the Jews of Poland. In every town on that trip the crowds knew him and assembled before his hotel. In many towns his plays were being acted.

All this may be taken as a unique proof of Abraham Cahan's statement that "Sholom Asch is the most popular producer of Yiddish fiction"; it will also indicate that the subject of this essay is not one of the many immigrants who by the grace of God and the help of American institutions have miraculously and suddenly turned from the stitching of garments to interpreting Jewish life in America for their Gentile neighbors. For Asch came here, as Dickens and Kipling had come, to see the land where so many of his readers dwelt. Dickens and Kipling left; Asch stayed. In the cynicism of their "American Notes" we see why they departed; in the poetry of his "American Impressions" and "A Trip to California" we see why he remained.

Schildkraut in "The God of Vengeance."

When at the age of thirty Sholom Asch arrived in America, he had established a reputation as a novelist and dramatist in Germany and Russia. His Yiddish manuscripts were immediately translated by publishers in both countries and often appeared before the Yiddish books. As early as 1907 Max Reinhardt produced his "God of Vengeance" in Berlin, and the play was translated into practically all European languages, including the Scandinavian; other plays appeared on the stage in Polish and in Russian. Only America withholds recognition of the genius of Sholom Asch.

It is not my intention, however, to argue that a translation of an essay by Asch is worth more as an interpretation of American Jewish life than, let us say, the silly braggadocio of a self-confessed male flapper which recently appeared in our best monthly magazine. I shall endeavor to present Sholom Asch as artist, whose significance lies in the quality of his art and not in the sociological importance of his chronicles of the Jews in these United States.

As artist, Asch is a modern, rather to be classed with the Russian novelists than with any of his Yiddish contemporaries. Naturally he derives much from the Hebrew of Talmud and Bible, but it is his peculiar privilege to be one of the founders of the literature to which he is contributing. He has been called the Jewish Maupassant, which is altogether unintelligible; he is nearest to Gorky in novel and sketch and play; but for an analogy to his position and his share in the formation of a Yiddish literature one must seek among the poets of the Elizabethan period and among the essayists in the age of Queen Anne.

For in 1880, when Asch was born, Yiddish had no standing as a language. Modernized Jews in European countries used the tongue of their land, and the orthodox, though condescending to Yiddish as a spoken medium, wrote only in Hebrew, molding the language of the Prophets to modern needs. However, in the following two decades a national awakening, brought about by the advocates of Zionism and the persecutions of Russia, sought expression in a living language. Some turned back to Hebrew just as some Irish have turned back to Gaelic, but the majority of Jewish writers, led by Abramovitch, Sholom Aleichem, and Peretz, adopted Yiddish as their medium. They found a grammarless jargon, basically a German dialect to which one added Hebrew, Russian, and Polish words at will; they proceeded to refine and enrich it. They found a housemaid literature of tawdry romances and popular songs; they proceeded to dignify it by expressing a nation's suffering and to inspire it by voicing a nation's ideals.

These pioneers were mightily reinforced with the coming of Sholom Asch. Though Peretz noncommittally remarked on seeing the young man's first story, "A bird is breaking through the shell—who knows whether it be an eagle or a crow?" the critics soon realized that with his fecund imagination, pungent style, and large background the bird would fly high indeed.

Asch's background is a key to his work. As a youth studying for the rabbinate in a small Polish town he not merely received the pabulum of all Jewish education, but, due to the peculiar system of study, came into intimate contact with every Jewish family there. His early success enabling him to travel, he has lived wherever Jews are: Christian Europe, Turkey, Palestine, and now America. Alive, observant, understanding, he makes the story of each Jew he meets his own. Nor have his experiences and his tales been confined to Jews; Andraschi, the Polish artist, "Blind Pearl," the chief of police, and the masses of Russia are also drawn from the life. The Bible and the Hebrew Chronicles are the rich sources of his historical dramas and novels, though in the story of the past he sees only revelation of the present. "There are those who seek to know

* Sholom Asch's published works in English are: *The God of Vengeance.* Stratford Company. $1; *Uncle Moses.* E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50; *Mottke the Vagabond.* J. W. Luce. $1.50.

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contemporary Jews in the light of the Bible," he says, "but I seek to know the Bible in the light of the Jews of today. If Abraham is not the shrewd, shrewd Jew of the Ghetto, what is he?"

Thus Sholom Asch is a modern in his interpretation of life, in his consciousness of the social currents of the day, in his knowledge of the latest literary experiments. Nevertheless, I find myself constantly likening him to the writers of the past. His salient characteristic is a Rabelaisian amplitude. In "Mottke the Vagabond," undoubtedly his masterpiece, the fulness of his scenes is as breath-taking as the Paradise of Tintoretto. And with this amplitude goes an equally Rabelaisian downrightness and mirth. There is the heavy fragrance of the primitive in the recounting of Mottke's birth in a crowded, dirty cellar, of Mottke besieging the synagogue with his troop of dogs, of Mottke's initiation into sex, of the murder, and of the trial scene. There is a shocking simplicity in sentences like "the result was that the child either died or pulled through the crucial period" and "he was now fourteen years old and had experienced every sensation of life except murder."

Asch is at his best as a novelist. He needs the ease and the elasticity of this medium to get the Rembrandt richness of his characters and the Corot placidity of his environment. And he has tried every form of narrative from historical romance to sociological study. "I am a romanticist. But don't confuse me with those who sentimentalize over and falsify reality," he hastens to add. "I mean that I insist on finding the romance and beauty of life." But this statement, too, needs modification. He does not always mean the beauty of patriarchal Jews going to synagogue services; he also means the beauty in the dreams and passions of the girls in a brothel.

He is at present engaged on the last novel of an historical trilogy which carries out his most ambitious theme. The novels portray both the Messianic aspirations and the martyrologe of the Jews. The first deals with Italy at the time of the Reformation; the second with Poland during the revolt of the Cossacks under Chmielnicki; the historical background for the last is Germany in the period of the Crusades. The irony of the Jewish position is summed up in the picture of Crusaders massacring the Jews as they go, in the spirit of sacrifice, to fight for the Holy Land.

But whatever his theme, there is a unity of style. Asch uses the large stroke. He is content to evoke the symbol of his character and omit the color of hair. It is not necessarily a simple symbol yet it is always intelligible. One senses it as well as comprehends it. And this feeling is communicated by the nervous, sonorous rhythms of the Scriptures—his earliest work was written in Hebrew—by the Oriental felicity of metaphor, and by the passionate relationship between author and subject. Nevertheless Asch will not recognize style per se. In our conversation it is the only thing about which he waxes wroth. "Did Shakespeare think of style?" he will say. "Did Whitman? No, only the academicians, who come after, choose the most obvious motif of a thousand manners and call it style." He doth protest too much, methinks.

Whether consciously or not, he has sought new modes—and unsuccessfully; he has wandered in the paths of symbolism and expressionism, and out again. For Asch unquestionably recognizes that the beauty and poetry of his early work in novel and sketch are due to a certain literary naivete which enabled him to express himself most completely. Moreover, it is precisely his style, or rather, the inability to suit his style to the demands of drama which makes his plays inferior to the other work. Here again the only analogy is to be found in the Elizabethan drama, for here, I believe, the state of Yiddish literature as well as the character of the man is responsible. Again we have an unsophisticated public and fertile, unbroken ground; and again the result is an exuberance which ignores the limits of a stage. Yiddish drama has as yet no Jonson to urge restraint, no Dryden to practice it, no Racine to sublime it; and Asch is no Shakespeare to transcend it.

Still, it should be distinctly understood that Asch is a dramatist, a dramatist who takes great liberties with his form, to be sure, who lacks perfection as a craftsman, but withal one who has the requisite elements of the art. He builds, he convinces, he moves. Here, too, he is versatile and prolific. He has written comedies of manners like "Die Familie Grossglück" and "Der Bund der Schwachen," powerful social pieces like "The God of Vengeance," poetic dramas like the symbolic sex play, "Jephthahs Tochter," and Biblical and historical plays—his weakest work, loose jointed, careless of fact, and inclined to rant—like "Shabbethai Zebi." In all, however, are his characters essentially dramatic, not simply histrionic like Barrymore's Hamlet. They err with their author on the side of the spectacular, for to portray emotion they must gesture—often dirk or ax or whip in hand; at least, they do not grunt and sob and wheeze like a herd of porkers going through the slaughterhouse. They are too human for that.

I doubt whether this unabashed humanity of Sholom Asch's creations will be stomached by American readers and audiences. The Yiddish author, even more than the Russians, is talking to people in the lower depths. Life there is an open book. Crowded within the Pale of Russia and confined to Ghettoes within that Pale are all manifestations of life, and they must be seen. The rabbi's daughter —that conventional symbol of virgin innocence—and the bawd must meet; brothel and hive of thieves are on the same street as respectable home and growing children. Thus the Yiddish public as well as the artist has learned to face the nasty facts. The average American, on the other hand, is not forced to live in his tenderloin district. He will probably be shocked and disgusted. But at least he will understand whence comes this all-embracing sympathy for the under dog. And he will marvel that the artist's idealism remains unshaken by this degrading environment.

The stark reality of Asch has evidently troubled the translators. Occasionally they have escaped responsibility by simply retaining the embarrassing foreign word. Probably it is better so. When Asch sets down thieves' talk in "Mottke Ganef" he does not balk at *mahmzer*, yet it would sound appallingly indecent to use the English [bastard] in every other sentence. Otherwise the translations are faithful and poor. Their academic quality could never be more at variance with the spirit of the original than in the primal passionate work of Asch, which demands a Menckenesque knowledge of the colloquial. "Feuer und flamm," shouts the youth on seeing a trim ankle. "Fire and flame," writes the translator—an empty phrase. "Hot dawg" is what he meant. Of the five books translated into English, "Uncle Moses," a novel dealing with Jewish life in America, is undoubtedly the best; "The God of Vengeance," by the same translator, is the worst. The difference is a clue to the needed interpreter of Sholom Asch. He must

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be a poet fully cognizant of the idiom of both tongues.

"Uncle Moses" offers a clue to another and far more important problem: Will America bring forth the best in Asch? Comparing it with "Mottke the Vagabond," one misses the range of character which raises the author above nine-tenths of his contemporaries in any tongue. His astounding understanding of the souls of men, women, and children is still evident, however. Is the panorama, then, of merchant and mendicant, priest and peasant, teacher and tailor, jongleur and prostitute, a panorama unexcelled even by Tolstoi and Gorky, to be lost in the consideration of the immigrant on the East Side? Is Asch another writer with a brilliant future behind him? Despite the fact that his earlier work contains his finest things, I do not think so. The man is in his prime; he is close to the heartbeat of Jewish life; he is as responsive as ever, and much wiser. If there is any poetry in this last migration—in the resulting assimilation and the rupture of families, in the new struggles and dangers and fears, in the abysmal poverty and uncounted riches, in the losing of soul and traditions and the acquiring of ideas and independence—then Sholom Asch will be its chronicler.

Hazlitt*

By LUDWIG LEWISOHN

THE inner circle of the admirers of Hazlitt, a modest but devoted company, have always entertained a feeling, vague but none the less certain, that men and time had done but rude justice to the writer of whose true greatness they could admit no doubt. All his contemporaries outstripped him in the race for fame. The "Essays of Elia" were a household word where the existence of "Table Talk" was unknown. Critics engaged in conflicts with no recollection of the fact that Hazlitt had settled these conflicts practically for all time. Learned men announced discoveries that he had made nearly a hundred years ago. There clung to his memory, his fame, his work, his human personality a shadow, a blur, an ugly strangeness. One suspected here the dim presence of old misunderstandings and forgotten slanders. But the various half-hearted studies and biographies brought no new light. His matchless sagacity about men and affairs, his racy eloquence unborrowed but of the ardor of his mind and heart, his consummate services to creative criticism—these things almost persuaded Stevenson to undertake a biography. But Stevenson's squeamishness was offended by the "Liber Amoris." He was like the well-known type of teacher who lectures on Goethe and omits to mention—Christiane Vulpius. The Victorian period fought shy of Hazlitt. His moral character did not seem pleasant nor his opinions safe. The legend of the conservatives was stamped as historic truth; Browning's just jibe at Wordsworth was forgotten; Southey became a sort of saint. It was the apotheosis of those who had left "the good old cause, the progress and freedom of the race," for a "handful of silver," for a "riband to stick in their coats."

All that is over at last. With patient industry, with entire candor, with excellent skill, Mr. P. P. Howe has gathered and set down the facts of Hazlitt's life. His book is full and final and a contribution of the first order to the history of Hazlitt and his period. But Mr. Howe, as was his right, has abstained almost wholly from interpretative comment. A sly little aside is all he ever permits himself. The consequence is that, so far at least, the reviewers of the book have praised but have not really used it, and have communicated but little of that entire clarification of Hazlitt's character and repute which its pages afford.

We see him first in the miniature painted by his brother John, a frail, dreamy, ardent boy with eyes whose vision is already turned inward. At seventeen he lives, probably as a flight from other ardors, in the icy ones of pure thought; he lives with Hume, Berkeley, Hobbes. At twenty he reads the "Contrat Social" and is dedicated to the cause of justice and freedom, to "truth not triumph" forever. But he has not yet found speech; he is provincial in dress, manner, aspect. He feels with mad keenness the discrepancy between his inward being and his outward show and this common misfortune of the intravert settles, also a common fate, in the life of love, of sex. "He was excessively shy," we hear from Crabb Robinson, "and in company the girls always made game of him. He had a horror of the society of ladies, especially of smart and handsome and modest young women. The prettiest girl of our parties about this time was Miss Kitchener. She used to drive him mad by teasing him." One need be no psychoanalyst to observe the defensive nature of this "horror" nor the overwhelming but hopeless attraction that sought to mask its defeat as distaste. No wonder that, a very few years later, on a visit to Wordsworth in the Lake country, he tried to approach a simple country girl. The "pretty village jilt" feigned to like him, caused him to commit himself, and then delivered him up to the laughter of the villagers. Again, it takes no psychoanalyst to estimate the impact of this shock on his sexual self-esteem and so on his whole nature. Nor need one anticipate by adding that, in the year of Waterloo, when Hazlitt pleaded for peace without victory as the humane, healing, decent hope of men, Wordsworth and his colleagues changed this pathetic episode of Hazlitt's youth into a violent and ugly slander. The episode, human nature being what it is, was bound to repeat itself. In 1806 came the "frenzy for Sally Shepherd" who never "pretended to love him," and so the abortive character of that frenzy tightened the grip of the furious defenses by which his psyche sought to save his self-esteem. "There were young girls," we find Lamb writing, "and he sat and frowned blacker and blacker, indignant that there should be such a thing as youth and beauty, till he tore me away before supper in perfect misery, and owned he could not bear young girls." Could any words record more clearly the utter agony of yearning for youth and beauty which Hazlitt felt or, on the other hand, the complete innocence of any insight into human nature on the writer's part?

Such a situation could have but one upshot. Mary Lamb had a friend, a Miss Sarah Stoddard, "no longer in her first youth . . . much concerned with the problem of marriage." She had, moreover, a tiny property and Hazlitt was, as usual, wretchedly poor. One may be sure that this

*_The Life of William Hazlitt._ By P. P. Howe. George H. Doran Company. $6.

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lady took the initiative, briefly healed the wounds dealt him by his defeat in the sex-struggle, and so married him. It is at least certain that this marriage, which in the Lamb circle was welcomed partly "for the joke's sake," was never a source of either delight or comfort and could be declared a "dismal failure" in 1820.

The rest of Hazlitt's story could now be readily predicted by any modern psychologist. In 1822, at the age of forty-four, he felt that his last chance must come now or never. He was on the downward slope; youth, beauty, and delight, which come to "emperor and clown," had passed him by. He fell in love with Sarah Walker, the daughter of his lodging-house keeper, and at last thought he "beheld a gentle face turn gently" upon his. Mrs. Hazlitt was quite willing to cooperate in the "dissolution of their ill-advised connection in marriage" and Hazlitt hastened to Scotland to qualify by residence for divorce. Here, believing that Miss Walker's devotion equaled his own, he illustrated Gourmont's saying that each new love renews the sources of life itself by composing, within a single month, an entire volume of his most memorable essays. The divorce was granted. He hastened back to London to discover that Sarah Walker wanted nothing of him but his gifts and had had another lover, in the gross sense of the word, during the entire period of their acquaintance. "Hazlitt's torture," Haydon wrote to Miss Mitford, "is beyond expression; the girl really excited in him devoted and intense love." Is it surprising that he passed whole nights watching the girl's door, that he published the "Liber Amoris," that he was guilty of much extravagance and some downright folly? He had set the last hope of his powerful, ardent, defeated nature upon this adventure. "I had courted thought, I had felt pain, and love turned away his face from me." Here is the source of those moving passages that occur in essay after essay and ring all possible changes upon the theme of Johnson's lines:

> Shall beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
> Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart?

The situation may have its aspect of humor from without; it is pure tragedy from within. There is about it at least none of the moral shabbiness with which Wordsworth and the Victorians sought to stain Hazlitt's character. Nor is there any such stain in his second, scarcely more fortunate marriage, as there is assuredly nothing but keen pathos in that last glimpse we get of him "fathoms deep in love" with Miss Mordaunt of the Haymarket Theater—he now an elderly man and she never nearer him than on the stage—who was then "in the first bloom and freshness of her youth and beauty."

Why were his misfortunes and defeats turned into moral errors by his contemporaries? Why did they paint him, whose portraits in the "Spirit of the Age" are, upon an objective examination of facts and men, exemplars of a high magnanimity, as malignant, disloyal, wasp-like? Because he was on the wrong side politically. Because he was almost a defeatist, almost a pacifist, almost pro-French during the Napoleonic wars and determined to resist with all his might the black reaction that settled down over Europe after Waterloo. In 1814 he wrote: "If we are to limit our hostility to others only with their destruction, we impose the adoption of the same principle on them as their only means of safety." Imagine these words written by a publicist and critic in 1917, and Hazlitt's case is clear enough. It was but human that in 1816 he should have remarked that, in a new edition of his poems, Wordsworth retained a sonnet on the king's "noble fortitude" during the late war, and quietly dropped the "Female Vagrant" which described the sufferings of the poor during the same period. When Southey, in 1817, pleaded that the crime of seditious libel should be punished by transportation, so that the country could be rid of Cobbett and Hunt and Hazlitt, the latter naturally recalled the "Wat Tyler" of Southey's own youth and described in true and telling terms his passage from ultra-Jacobinism to ultra-royalism. When, finally, Coleridge declared that toward all these liberals he had "a feeling more like hatred than I ever bore to other flesh and blood," it was Hazlitt who pointed out that in 1794 the "damaged archangel" had said: "Truth should be spoken at all times, but more especially at those times when to speak truth is dangerous." And as if that were not enough he declared that "war in itself is a thriving, sensible traffic only to cannibals." So the *Quarterly* and later *Blackwood's* defamed and slandered him in unmeasured terms and in a spirit of personal abuse that is happily no longer possible. But these things were forgotten. The legend of the other side prevailed. Lockhart wrote the "Life of Scott" and Lang the "Life of Lockhart" and the biographers of Wordsworth and Coleridge and Southey were all models of Victorian reticence and reverence. Wordsworth's French daughter had never been heard of and so his declaration that "the miscreant Hazlitt is not a proper person to be admitted into respectable society" threw its long shadow into the future, blunted the edge of Charles Lamb's noble praise of his friend, surrounded Hazlitt's name with that atmosphere of suspicion and moral obliquity which has clung to it until today. The truth is plain. Hazlitt was in the opposition. In war he pleaded for peace, in reaction for liberty. He changed neither his politics nor his regard for truth. And in his period the weapons of political controversy which even great poets did not disdain to use, were clear falsehood, personal slander, scurrilous verbiage. He was unbending to the last. Bereft of hope and health and near his death he saluted the Revolution of the Three Days in 1830 as "like a resurrection from the dead and as showing plainly that liberty, too, has in it a spirit of life." But his reputation as a man and a writer was depressed for several generations and is not yet on the right level of either his tragic fate or his shining genius.

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Books

Mr. Wilson at the Peace Conference

Woodrow Wilson and World Settlement. By Ray Stannard Baker. 3 vols. Doubleday, Page and Company. $20.

IN January, 1921, with the papers of Mr. Wilson, including the official minutes of the Councils, at his disposal, Mr. Baker began to write the history of the Peace Conference. The opportunity was a rare one, and Mr. Baker has made a good use of it. The first two volumes contain Mr. Baker's account; the third contains sixty-nine documents, most of which have not been printed before. The work is solid rather than brilliant or profound. Its merits are those of clear statement and exposition. Whatever may be thought of the interpretation of the facts (and of this more presently), the facts themselves are presented honestly and with as little bias as can reasonably be expected at the present writing—with rather less than might have been expected of one who took an active part in the Conference and is known to be a devoted disciple of Mr. Wilson. Particularly full and frank are the accounts of the origin of the mandate system, of the French fight for the Left Bank, and of the Fiume and the Shantung questions. The exposition of the secret treaties and the Turkish mess is nauseating but salutary. The analysis of the textual origin of the Constitution of the League is admirable. Excellent also, most excellent, is the account, running to 225 pages, of the economic settlement. The three volumes are undoubtedly the most important that have appeared on the Peace Conference, or that are likely to appear in the near future.

I

The work is, as it was intended to be, an *apologia* (not, in intention at least, an apology) for Mr. Wilson. The defensive note is sounded throughout, and doubtless the dramatic contrast between hero and villain (many villains indeed) is too much played up. But I think Mr. Baker effectively disposes of the idea that Mr. Wilson was too confused and "bewildered" at Paris to put up a fight; that he retired into relatively impenetrable seclusion; that he was unwilling to take advice and did not know where to look for information; that as a consequence he was "bamboozled" by his unscrupulous antagonists, and in the end lost every trick. It is true that Mr. Wilson did not fully anticipate the difficulties of the situation. No one did. It is true that he took no advice on principles—these he settled for himself; but in applying the principles to particular settlements he willingly sought information from his experts, although his experts were not always wise nor always experts. It is true that he made concessions; to refuse to make concessions is to refuse to negotiate. It is true that he was, as he said, "but little interested in economic questions," failing to see that economic questions were fundamental. His program was essentially political, its chief planks the "self-determination" of nations and the League of Nations. Within the limits of this program Mr. Wilson knew what he wanted and was prepared to fight for it. I think the record shows that he did fight for it, valiantly, stubbornly, often to the point of breaking up the Conference. In the end he won some points of his program and lost some.

What did he win? He won, with the backing of the press representatives, whatever measure of publicity prevailed—not much, it must be said. He prevented the outright annexation of the German colonies, and in the face of a united opposition got the mandate system, whatever that may be worth, written into the treaty. By a long and stubborn fight, falling back at last upon the threat of abandoning the Conference, he prevented France from putting through a scheme which would have amounted to annexation of the Left Bank. He blocked the attempt of Italy to get Fiume. Most important of all from his own point of view, he forced through the League and got it made an integral part of the treaty. What did he concede? He did not prevent the plenary sessions from becoming merely formal, or the Council of Ten from being replaced by the Council of Four. He agreed to the Saar Valley arrangement in order to prevent the French from virtually annexing the Left Bank. He agreed to the Shantung settlement in order to get Japan to sign the treaty and join the League. He failed utterly in the matter of disarmament, and he could do nothing with the Turkish business.

In making these and other concessions Mr. Wilson was no doubt sometimes outwitted, sometimes bamboozled. But I think that ordinarily he knew when he made concessions—in the case of Shantung he was acutely and painfully aware of having made a great concession. In such cases he was evidently influenced by one of three major considerations. First, the existence of the secret treaties which largely predetermined the Italian, the Turkish, and the Japanese settlements. Mr. Wilson should have known of these treaties before he went to Paris, and he should have required of the European Powers an explicit renunciation of them before agreeing to negotiate. If he had done so his position would have been much stronger; but the European Powers would still have fought for the same things they did fight for, the difference being that they would have urged other grounds than the treaties. Second, Mr. Wilson made concessions from the conviction that it was necessary at all hazards to hang together and make a treaty of some sort. Finally, he was influenced by the belief, which grew stronger with every concession, that to obtain the League almost any sacrifice was justifiable, since the League, once established, could be depended upon to correct whatever bad provisional settlements might be made.

In so far as these were the essentials of his program (and I readily admit that the program of a man who was "but little interested in economic questions" was bound to be inadequate), the peace may be called a "Wilson peace." But those who violently dissent, who say that the peace was a negation of everything Mr. Wilson stood for, are thinking of something else. They are thinking that although Mr. Wilson incessantly preached good-will and the brotherhood of man as the essential basis of the "New Order," he put his name to a treaty that was conceived in hatred, that was disingenuously formulated, that was imposed in all uncharitableness, and that in its application has bred fear and suspicion instead of confidence and good-will.

And they are so far right. For apart from the particular points of his program, what Mr. Wilson stood for was just this "new attitude of mind"; what his program required for its effective realization was that men should bring to the settlement of international difficulties honest minds and the will to do justice. "Interest divides men," he was fond of repeating; it is good-will alone that can unite them. From this point of view the peace was lost at the start by excluding the enemy countries from the Conference. The point was not discussed, it was not even raised—as well bay the moon! On the day the armistice was arranged Mr. Wilson was "confident that the nations have learned the discipline of freedom, and that having *settled with self-possession to its ordered practice are now about to make a conquest of the world by the sheer power of example and friendly helpfulness.*" (I, 177.) To speak thus, at the close of a war of unparalleled ferocity, is to be "bewildered" indeed!

II

The failure was inevitable, and Mr. Baker enables us to see why; but I think there is a fundamental confusion in his formal interpretation of the failure. He tells us that the President had built up "a stately structure of principles which represented the American attitude toward the coming peace." (I, 24.) These principles comprised, not only the concrete program of self-determination and the League, but also the American ideal of "trusteeship." (I, 18, 263.) And finally, "this body of moral principles represented not only the . . . convictions of the President, or of America, but they also represented . . . the aspirations and convictions of the masses of the people of all coun-

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tries." (I, 21.) Mr. Baker recurs to this idea again and again. He would have us think of the Conference as staging a dramatic conflict: on the one hand the noble principles and high ideals of America and the masses of the people everywhere; on the other the selfish ambitions and corrupt methods of Old World diplomats and statesmen.

If this were indeed so, I do not understand how Mr. Wilson could have failed. But in truth this theory is an airy structure without foundation; and Mr. Baker, since he has no desire to ignore the facts, fully refutes himself. He proves up to the hilt that the United States was no more willing than any other country to sacrifice its "interests" (e. g., the Monroe Doctrine, discrimination against the Japanese, the surrender of German ships, protective tariffs, increased naval power). The only difference was that the interests of the United States were not often thought to be involved. Mr. Wilson could therefore usually take the disinterested view and urge the equitable solution. He could preach the doctrine of "service," not because America was devoted to the doctrine of service, but because she had for the moment no interests to serve. Of course it is true that the "masses of the people" everywhere acclaimed Mr. Wilson as a prophet; but the moment he asked any particular people to renounce something they deserted him on the ground that his principles were pro-German!

Mr. Baker is aware of all this. He has an illuminating chapter on the Slump in Idealism. He shows us that the French "masses" deserted Mr. Wilson on the Left Bank controversy; that the Italians, who in December placed candles before Mr. Wilson's portrait, in April caricatured him as a Prussian Junker. He assures us that the small, newly enfranchised peoples were the worst grabbers of all (or did it only seem so to the great grabbers?). America, for all its "principles," was "willing to accept all the advantages of the Versailles Treaty, and yet wished to enjoy all the rights and privileges of isolation." (II, 226.) America accepted disarmament to the extent of adopting a big-navy program for itself (see the amazing report of Admiral Benson, April 7, 1919. III, 207). In fact Mr. Baker's summing up completely disposes of his theory that Mr. Wilson represented the ideals of America and the masses of the people everywhere. "No willingness to sacrifice anything! Therefore no possibility of securing real or just settlements based upon cooperation. And this did not apply only to France and Great Britain, it applied also to America." (II, 408.)

What Mr. Wilson represented at Paris was himself. He fought for a body of principles not American more than European, principles often proclaimed, accepted the world over as principles, but rarely applied in practice; and in trying to apply these principles at Paris Mr. Wilson was supported, not by America, not by the masses of the people everywhere, but by a small minority of thoughtful and idealistically minded people in every country. "It is easy enough to accept general principles—all the world pays pious homage to the phrase 'disarmament' or 'limitation of armaments'—but the real fight begins with the concrete application of those principles." (I, 357.) Very true, even if commonplace! It is pleasant to picture oneself making a sacrifice; it is commonly painful to make it.

What happened to the world between the armistice and the signing of the Versailles Treaty is after all no great mystery. Having been long engaged in destroying what we are pleased to call civilization, a genuine emotion welled up within us when Mr. Wilson beautifully and positively assured us that war is an abomination, but that this war was different from all other wars because in this war we were fighting to end war and to bring in a New Order of peace and just dealing. The emotion was pleasant and necessary because it enabled us to believe that it was right, in this one case alone, to force millions of young men to go out to kill and be killed. And we all (I mean we, the "masses" the world over) acclaimed Mr. Wilson as no man was ever before acclaimed, we had faith in his ideas, and we really believed that we would be ready to apply them in practice when the time came, because we knew that otherwise this war was beyond conception base and meaningless. But when the war ended this emotion subsided, as emotion always does after a crisis; and the sense of human brotherhood, which at the time was a necessary compensation for the act of human slaughter, was replaced by a sense of apathy, of disgust, of cynicism, and by the deep-seated instinct to get something that would repay us for what we had suffered. This normal psychological reaction was what killed the peace of justice. Mr. Wilson was not responsible for the failure, although he was at fault for thinking, and for beguiling us into thinking, that it could have been otherwise.

III

Mr. Baker's formal interpretation may, however, be easily disregarded. He has given us a solid record of fact which is its own sufficient interpretation. Among the things this record reveals throughout is the disingenuousness of the mental processes of politicians; and nowhere was this disingenuousness greater than in the matter of the economic settlement imposed upon Germany. The negotiators knew perfectly well, had it straight from their experts, that the reparation clauses were not only unworkable, but would probably prove injurious to the Allies as well as to Germany. This is what they knew, or might have known:

"The question of the amount which it is wise to demand that Germany shall pay is affected by . . . the following:

"(a) The danger of demanding so large a sum as to induce the German delegates to refuse to pay it, thereby confronting the Allies with the alternative of publicly reducing their demands or undertaking a military occupation for an indefinite period. . . .

"(b) The possibility of causing economic damage to the Allies. Germany can pay only by the labor of its subjects and by becoming prosperous. The imports must be reduced, thereby depriving the Allies of markets, and exports must be increased, thereby causing severe competition with the Allies. . . .

"(c) There is a strong probability that forcing an unwilling people to work for a generation to discharge a large debt will cause unrest which may again disturb the peace of the world through agitation for repudiation, and it may also in time produce an effect on the public opinion of the world which will react upon the Allies." (Memorandum by N. H. Davis for Lloyd George. III, 381.)

If anything essential has come of four years' discussion of reparations that is not contained in that statement, I have not heard of it. The makers of the treaty knew all this at the time. They knew it, but could not "face their people" with it. Therefore they deliberately deceived them.

Happily our disgust is often relieved by more amusing and equally human incidents. We see Colonel House, who "never knew quite where he was, but was always optimistic." The courage of Lloyd George is such that he proposes to reverse a decision, *"even at the risk of appearing to vacillate."* Bursting one day out of the Conference room, he exclaims in disgust: "I don't believe the air in that room has been changed since the time of Louis Philippe!" If it were only the air that had not been changed! We see that rugged old general, Tasker H. Bliss, honest, lovable, wise; and above all Mr. Wilson, succeeding or failing as you will, still the great figure, standing when all is said for decency and a measure of faith in human nature in the midst of suspicion and low intrigue.

In the end one rises from a reading of these significant volumes much enlightened; at once amused and saddened, encouraged and depressed; for here on this great stage of the world's history one has witnessed a performance without parallel, in which the animal Man exhibits himself for what he is, a bizarre mixture of wisdom and folly, of cynicism and credulity, of noble aspiration and futile achievement. One can only say, with Sir Thomas More: "All things will not be well until all men are good, which I think will not be this long time."

CARL BECKER

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Mr. Herrick's Return

Homely Lilla. By Robert Herrick. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.90.

THE seven years which have passed since Mr. Herrick last gave a book to the world have produced in him a change in method and have given him a new grasp upon fundamental things. "Clark's Field," his last previously published novel, was decidedly his best book up to that time, and there may be some who will believe it so still, but from the point of view of the present reviewer "Homely Lilla" is a novel of a more important genre and its virtues are more important virtues. The author has succeeded as he has never succeeded before in conveying the sense of life as a passionate thing and thus supplied that almost indefinable something which was lacking in his previous books. What this means can be seen in little by comparing the opening incident of the new book with the scene in "Clark's Field," where the mother becomes aware of the death of her son. In "Homely Lilla" the scene is emotionally realized in a way not approached by the scene in the other book.

In the past Mr. Herrick has been remarkable chiefly for his intelligent understanding of the mechanics of American society. He has been a realist, but a realist whose interest has centered in social conditions rather than in character. "The Common Lot" was the story of a young architect led by the struggle for wealth and position further and further from any artistic or personal integrity; "The Memoirs of an American Citizen" was a study of big business with the endless interlacing corruptions which lead from infamy to infamy, while the real hero of "Clark's Field" was the piece of property which mounted in value and molded the life of the young girl who happened to be its owner. In every case it has been the intricacies of institutions, of laws, or of customs which he has analyzed rather than the intricacies of character. His people have been of little interest save as illustrations of the workings of social forces. The scenes of purely human significance have tended to fall flat and the extreme clarity of his intelligence has not hid a certain coldness which made it evident that he was little interested in people as people.

Important as such novels were not only as social tracts but as warnings to novelists that they must bring themselves down to a contemplation of the actual American scene, they did not have feeling or passion enough to keep them long sweet, and something of this sort Mr. Herrick must have come to realize, for he has made an about-face. The most striking feature of "Homely Lilla" is its humanity. He seems to have turned from a study of the forces which thwart personality and come to a deeper interest in and understanding of the power of personality itself and the passion which will not allow itself to be thwarted. There is a merciless picture of the pious fraud which is the American ideal of life in general and of married life in particular, but in the person of the heroine the indomitable passion for life, sanity, and joy goes singing through the book, giving it a lift which his previous novels have lacked.

In general, women have not come off very well at Mr. Herrick's hands. They have usually been either spoiled darlings of luxury driving their husbands along the path to wealth or they have been the conventional sheltered American woman, raising scandalized and impotent hands at the stray glimpses which she catches of the man's world. But Lilla is neither a parasite nor a scorned and petted ideal on a pedestal. Born on a Wyoming ranch, she is at first almost the peasant type—an animal with impulses of uncorrupted health—and later she finds her way through the maze of life to a splendid fruition solely by the vigor and sanity of her desires. Here at last Mr. Herrick has created a character which is significant not as an illustration of this or that social force but in its own right, and Lilla is never more interesting than when at the beginning and end of the book there is no complicated background but only herself to be studied.

It was the theory of Lilla's mother—based upon her own experience and the accepted opinion of her social group—that men and women were essentially of different natures and that no really "nice" woman ever did more than accept with as little disgust as possible what the grosser nature of her husband forced upon her. Though Lilla instinctively revolted against this doctrine she let herself be persuaded to marry a rising young school superintendent who had high ideals and who certainly did not wake in her any of those "deplorable emotions" which on a previous occasion had almost got her into trouble. Mr. Herrick's picture of the relations between this pair, with the pompous selfishness of the man on the one side and defeated womanhood on the other, is acute but it is not the thing which gives the greatest distinction to the work. Though the case has been argued many times before, it has always seemed to the reviewer that the characters which make their way through the pages of the usual novel of social criticism are seldom worth the rumpus made over them. Here, on the other hand, it is not the argument but the spectacle of the waste of magnificent capacities for life which carries conviction. I remember no recent picture of vigorous womanhood comparable to that of Lilla except in Nexö's "Ditte" and Sheila Kaye-Smith's "Joanna Godden." Criticism and satire are fine and difficult things but they are not so fine or so difficult as the creation of a passionate human being, and though this is a truism it is a truism which the author of this book is only coming to realize.

There is something almost Nietzschian in Mr. Herrick's fictional celebration of the triumph of vitality, or something which, if it is not Nietzschian, is at least a part of that healthy modern tendency to recognize again the value of the wills to life and happiness. His conclusion, finely conceived and executed, drives home the point unmistakably. Lilla has fled from her impossible husband to start life anew upon a ranch, and at the end of years too full of work for thought of other things and with middle age upon her she finds at last in the presence of a man whom she has known through the toiling years that passion —the sign of life—is not yet dead in her and the two are united. Then the husband turns up and when she refuses to take him back he applies the final argument. He is ruined and beaten, he has always loved her in his way, he needs her. It is a splendid opportunity for Mr. Herrick to make a conventionally "strong" gesture of renunciation, service, and happiness found in denial. But he is unrelenting. He knows that the idea that sacrifice is in itself a good is the most dangerous sort of sentimentality, and he knows also that the claims of Lilla's vitality are superior to those of her husband's weakness. It would have been easy to make renunciation seem noble, it is not easy to make assertion seem so, but he achieves the task. When Lilla shuts the door upon her husband she is simply asserting the legitimate claims of life over death. Sex is, through the book, the center about which all revolves, but this is not an overemphasis, because the sexual nature of Lilla is no febrile and irritated desire but simply, as in all mankind, the center from which radiates her energy, the key to the richness of her nature.

J. W. KRUTCH

Some Problems of Biography

Southey's Life of Nelson. Edited by Geoffrey Callender. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.

Edgar A. Poe: A Psychopathic Study. By John W. Robertson. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

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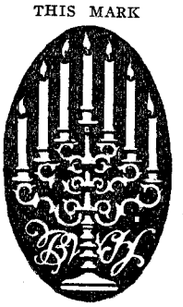

ON GOOD BOOKS

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historian, who deals with the large group, and the biographer, who deals with a single person, must also go wrong. There is a strange poetic justice in this correspondence between errant human affairs and errant record of human affairs. And yet the trouble is that the two kinds of error do not quite tally; the surveyor on the banks of the turbulent river does not follow its windings: he has his own aberrations. An ideal biography or history would so closely trace the wanderings of a man or mankind as to be itself intellectually straight. Impossible paradox! We must amuse or torment ourselves with the two divergent errors, life and the records of life.

On another page of this paper Mr. Lewisohn shows that it has taken about a hundred years to get a lucid, intelligible account of Hazlitt. Between Hazlitt, the obscure poor devil of a man of letters, and his blazingly famous contemporary, Horatio Nelson, there is almost nothing in common. Yet there are two points of resemblance. One point is that the biographies of the critic and of the man of action have remained so long in confusion. The second point is that Nelson was himself a man of letters, with a gift of phrase which makes him the equal of two other great captains, Caesar and Napoleon. More than three thousand of Nelson's letters have been preserved and printed, and his most recent biographer says that those who have read the letters "all through know Nelson better than they know their best friends."

The new biographer of Nelson tries to put the story on an even keel by leaving Robert Southey in command, but correcting the literary land-lubber when he gets off course. Some of us will suffer from *mal de mer* because both Southey and his editor are so full of the spirit of Britannia-rules-the-waves. The last paragraphs of Professor Callender's introduction, with their reference to Nelson's spirit at the battle of Jutland, are irrelevantly patriotic, and his schoolmasterly appendix of questions makes one suspect that the book is designed to bring English boys up in the way they should not go. But after all Nelson *did* rule the waves. He may have been guilty of cruelty at Naples (have not great captains always been cruel when their "duty" required them to be?), and he was so naughty in his sexual relations that if he had lost at Trafalgar the highly moral English people might not have erected a monument to him. But he won. His death was dramatically triumphant. So he goes sailing majestically through history bearing his heavy cargo of faults, the weight of which Southey, with his unjust righteousness, probably aggravates. It is a question whether Nelson needs to be whitewashed and defended, and whether the mistakes of Southey, who was an honest biographer and a hero worshiper, should be characterized as "vile insinuations" and "puerile reasoning." That is not the way for a modern editor to get at the facts or to interpret the character of either Southey or Nelson. Both men, however, can stand rough handling.

It is the frailer vessel which needs and deserves more delicate treatment and more skilful patching. Poe was such a fragile, leaky craft. He carried with difficulty a light precious cargo of ideas. During his life he was heavily buffeted. And after his physical life was ended his biographers kept on pounding him and rescuing him. I am not sure that Dr. Robertson has made Poe's course perfectly clear, but he has cut away a good deal of wreckage. He approaches Poe from the point of view of the physician, the specialist in mental and nervous diseases. He finds that Poe was a dipsomaniac, with an inherited neurosis for which he was no more responsible than he was for the color of his eyes. He was not a drunkard, not a toper, and he never enjoyed one moment of hilarity, of the jolly-good-fellow illusions of intoxication. His more or less irregular periodic seizures sent him to alcohol for dismal relief, made him fearfully sick, and left him weak and penitent. During these fits he did no work at all; he never got an amusing or fantastic idea of any literary value from wine. It may be that some creative imaginations are really "lit up" by alcohol, but in the case of the dipsomaniac, the kind that Poe seems to have been, with a congenitally morbid mental organization, alcohol temporarily stops creative thinking. All of Poe's best work, both his verse and his prose, is cold and rational, with deliberately calculated effects. He seems never to have had wild "inspirations," drunk or sober.

The pathology of this is a matter for medical experts, not for literary critics. Two physicians have told me that Dr. Robertson's explanation of Poe is plausible and consistent with what is now known or believed about mental and nervous diseases. It undoubtedly accounts for Poe at a dozen perplexing points in his life. There is one other explanation which may further account for him. His relations with women were very strange. He married his cousin, a girl of thirteen. He went on queer fruitless chases after other women, usually literary ladies, the surviving records of which are dull and fatuous. The almost unanimous testimony is that he had fine manners, an attractive voice, a kind of tragic beauty and charm amounting even to magnetism. How explain his apparently empty and absurd love affairs? The late Professor Charles F. Richardson of Dartmouth was old enough to have known Charles F. Briggs, who established the *Broadway Journal*, of which Poe was associate editor. Professor Richardson told me that Briggs told him that Poe was impotent. The testimony is not worth much because even if that were the fact about Poe, how could Briggs have known it? Professor Richardson was sure that Briggs believed it, and Professor Richardson himself, a clear-headed, matter-of-fact Yankee, believed it, though he seems to have thought the whole question too dubious to be discussed in print. It is an interesting suggestion, and explains much; but it is only hypothesis and hearsay. We shall never know the facts. And perhaps we do the shade of Poe no service by vexing him with further questions.

Sometimes the biography of a literary man seems like a prying impertinence, snooping behind what the writer himself has decided should be his public record. We can sympathize with Thackeray's injunction to his daughter, when he was disgusted by a biography he was reading: "None of this sort of thing about me"—or words to that effect. And Thackeray's work can stand, self-evident, without any inquisition into his private affairs. But in some cases a knowledge of the man is essential to the understanding of his work as it appears on the printed page. This is true of the plays and poems of Shakespeare, the most important problem in the history of English literature, because it concerns the most important poet. Here the basic question is: Who is the author, Shakespeare the actor, Francis Bacon, or John Smith? But once that question is answered, if it ever is, the questions and answers that follow and depend on it are matters of interpretation which affect the value and meaning of the text. The Baconians, even some of the craziest of them, are interesting chiefly because they throw light on obscure lines, constructions, passages, turns of thought, which the orthodox Shakespeareans, with their immensely learned investigations, have not explained.

The Shakespeare-Bacon controversy seems to be very irritating both to the established scholars who rule the academic roost and to the Baconians who try to unseat them and during the assault peck at each other. I have been in the controversy for years, have read all the outstanding books on the subject in English, and have been guilty of acrimonious argument. But now I see no occasion for heat. To the younger men (the older men have their minds made up in an unshakable tradition) I simply say: Take a look, if the subject interests you at all. If you can handle evidence or understand evidence when it is handled for you, you may find your mind in a state of reasonable doubt after you have read "The Shakespeare Problem Restated" by G. George Greenwood. I gave that book to Mark Twain, and it inspired his unscholarly but shrewdly intelligent excursion: "Is Shakespeare Dead?" Greenwood is negative; he destroys Shakespeare (the actor) as author of the plays and the poems; and the Baconians get but cold consolation from him, for he refuses to back their candidate. He is or was a

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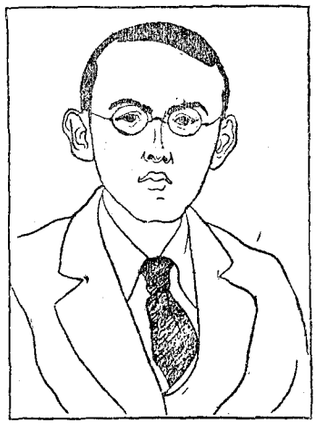

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member of Parliament with experience in debate and side-stepping. Of recent positive Baconians (there is a vast bibliography since Delia Bacon's book in 1857) I recommend for examination Mrs. Clark's "Bacon's Dial in Shakespeare" and Mr. Arensberg's "Cryptography of Shakespeare." I cannot begin to explain the ciphers they have found. That would require a closely argued analytical review. My present slender thesis is that some of the problems of biography are fascinating and, like human life which biography records, will probably never be straightened out. But the way to view them all, if we can, is with a mind open as the skies and sharp as a razor.

JOHN MACY

Letters of a Shakespearean

The Letters of Horace Howard Furness. Edited by H. H. F. J[aynes]. 2 vols. Houghton Mifflin Company. $8.

THE letters of a private scholar may be worth printing for several reasons: for the light they throw on an interesting personality; for the glimpses they afford of the friends with whom he corresponded; or for the comments, more intimate than can be expected in his published work, on the themes of his scholarship. All of these reasons, to a greater or less degree, may be alleged for the publication of the present volumes.

The selection of material made by Dr. Furness's son and completed by his grandson furnishes a fairly vivid picture of the personality of the veteran Shakespearean. Cut off from the active profession of the law by deafness, Dr. Furness devoted himself through a long life to one great task, and this, in spite of frequent attacks of acute boredom, he performed for half a century with unremitting industry and all but unexampled conscientiousness. Two episodes, and only two, break the monotony. During the Civil War he accomplished heroic service for the Sanitary Commission, and his experiences offer an interesting comparison with those of the thousands who engaged in the corresponding tasks during the late war. Between 1883 and 1887 he conducted the inquiries of the Seybert Commission into the alleged phenomena of spiritualism, and with admirable fairness of mind cleared away masses of humbug. The rest of his life was spent in his study with occasional excursions to give Shakespearean readings or to catch tarpon off the coasts of Florida and Texas.

His permanent intellectual interest was, of course, the plays of Shakespeare, and everyone knows what he did to relieve and abridge the labors of other scholars by his well-judged condensation of the colossal mass of commentary that tends to smother the student who wishes to begin where the others have left off. It does not detract from the altruism or serviceableness of his work that he cared little for many of the kinds of research he summarized. Questions of chronology, sources, and biography he dealt with faithfully while highly skeptical of their relevance; his own interest was mainly in character and motive. Even here his range was limited. He shared the conventional fastidiousness and proprieties of his generation, and he was not virile enough to relish much that goes to make up the fulness and richness of the Elizabethan world. Two instances will indicate what is meant. Again and again he laments that his friend, Aldis Wright, should be engaged on an edition of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," because, he says, Burton "is such a foul-mouthed old dog, that I dislike to connect with such repulsive stuff your pure clean hands." Even more significant is it that in two volumes dealing constantly with Shakespearean matters, the name of Falstaff never appears. The ideal editor of Shakespeare should hardly be so nice.

For the rest the letters reveal him as a kindly spirit, fun-loving rather than humorous, rich in friends, warmly affectionate in all domestic relations, living in enviable comfort, and devoting himself to a task of his own choosing in which he believed he persisted to numb the grief which came from the death of his wife thirty years before his own.

Many of his friends were distinguished—Francis James Child, Charles Eliot Norton, W. Aldis Wright, William Everett, M. Jusserand, Edwin Booth, Fanny Kemble, Miss Repplier, S. Weir Mitchell, and all the other noted Philadelphians of his time. The letters to these celebrities contain frequent scraps of interest, but they constantly tease us with the desire to see the other side of the correspondence. Is it not time for someone to try the experiment of a "Life and Letters" with documents from both sides? Here certainly one would gladly give up half of Dr. Furness's own letters (which are fairly repetitive) for the chance of reading what his correspondents replied.

The contributions to Shakespearean criticism in these volumes are slight, and add little to what is familiar to any users of the Variorum. We learn that he was orthodox on the Baconian controversy, that he thought Lady Martin's book on Shakespeare's Female Characters "the finest that has ever been written on Shakespeare," that it was chiefly these characters that roused his own enthusiasm, that he thought Antonio in "The Merchant of Venice" a sumph, that he did not believe Hamlet mad either in fact or in pretense. These points are seldom argued, and interest us but mildly.

On the whole, the letters draw more firmly the outlines that one has been able to sketch from the personal fragments that have appeared in Dr. Furness's monumental volumes. Warm-hearted, refined, and modest in the midst of adulation, he devoted a long life and a mind of extraordinary accuracy if not of remarkable profundity to an achievement of infinite labor and high scholarly value. The letters enable us to understand the circumstances which made this achievement possible.

WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON

A Lady Who Defies Time

Black Oxen. By Gertrude Atherton. Boni and Liveright. $2.

BETWEEN writers of natural temperament and genius, however exaggeratedly they may express themselves, and careful artisans who know how to give their work at least the appearance of art, I cast my vote in favor of the former. On the whole, I prefer the work of Gertrude Atherton to that of Edith Wharton. Usually (not always, to be sure) the work of Mrs. Wharton seems to me to be scrupulous, clever, and uninspired, while that of Mrs. Atherton is often careless, sprawling, but inspired. Mrs. Wharton, with some difficulty, it would appear, has learned to write; Mrs. Atherton was born with a facility for telling stories.

The Californian possesses to the highest degree the qualities of vitality and glamor. These are two of the essentials of any art, and they are very rare. Their presence explains, in a sense, my really deep and lasting affection for Ouida, a novelist whom I vastly prefer to George Eliot, or even Thackeray. Ouida had vitality, glamor, and imagination. She was so prodigal of her talents, and so sure of them, that she never took the trouble to verify references or to correct her copy, to soften her first impressions or to heighten them. Nevertheless, she was a genius. Some of her genius, restrained and curbed at certain acute angles—for Mrs. Atherton is a finer artist and a deeper thinker than Ouida—has descended on the shoulders of the Californian.

This type of genius is not essentially self-critical and on this account is often likely to flicker unevenly. Nevertheless it is indubitably genius, genius of a higher quality than that possessed by the artist who struggles with words and erases phrases for years in order to achieve his ideal of perfection. It is the genius of Charles Dickens as opposed to the vastly inferior talent of Walter Pater. It is the prodigal genius of a man who feels rather than the careful capacity of the man who takes pains.

Contemporary critics invariably prefer the Walter Paters to the Charles Dickenses. Contemporary American critics allot a more important place to Mrs. Wharton than to Mrs. Atherton

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Mistakenly, I may reiterate. "Rezánov" and "The Conqueror," even "A Daughter of the Vine" and "Senator North," are likely to outlive any of the works of Mrs. Wharton, aside from "Ethan Frome."

It is characteristic of this type of genius, as I have already asserted, to produce a very uneven quality of work: one day a "David Copperfield" or a "Pickwick Papers," the next day a "Barnaby Rudge" or an "Our Mutual Friend." I have been told that Mrs. Atherton's genius was never at so low an ebb as in "Sleeping Fires." I cannot speak personally of this novel as I have not read it, but it is improbable that she has ever before published a book that came so perilously near to failure. She has followed it with "Black Oxen," which may be considered her most brilliant book up to date. Moreover it is written with a care and attention to detail which hitherto have been absent from all but her best work.

The title is taken from the tag of W. B. Yeats's play, "The Countess Cathleen," and the black oxen are the heavy years that God, the herdsman, goads on from behind. It is a poetic title that has a fine significance, for the heroine of the book, Countess Zattiany, tearing a modern leaf from Samuel Butler's "Luck or Cunning?" and Bernard Shaw's "Back to Methuselah," has succeeded in defying time. A heroine of fifty-eight who (for perfectly good reasons) looks twenty-eight (in the morning or at the opera) is, indeed, a novelty.

Mrs. Atherton is explicit that her heroine's mind is that of a woman who has fully lived her fifty-eight years; otherwise she is young, young even in her capacity to indulge in amorous experience, young in her transcendent beauty. She awakens passion in a young man of thirty-four, and this is the problem: what will happen to an immature male of thirty-four who is in love with a lovely female with a mind of fifty-eight? This problem is intensified by the attitude of the Countess Zattiany's contemporaries, less fortunate in appearance than she, and her juniors, intent upon defending their preserves, in New York society. Mrs. Atherton is content to have her Countess move triumphantly through this rabble, instead of erecting a scaffold for a tragedy by arranging a marriage between the mis-aged pair.

The resemblances, both figurative and literal, between the Californian and her own heroine will be apparent to many readers. According to "Who's Who," Mrs. Atherton was born in 1857 and she published her first book in 1892, thirty-one years ago. But in vitality and youthful zest in fulfilling her self-appointed tasks, she has few equals and no superiors among the "younger" novelists. Perhaps, indeed, vitality is vouchsafed by providence only to those who have passed the gates of fifty. Certainly, few of our young writers could turn out a book like "Black Oxen" of which the perusal at a sitting would seem almost foreordained. "Black Oxen" is a long novel, but, once begun, it does not permit itself to be dropped until finished.

I have not, I fear, left myself space to speak of Mrs. Atherton's "Sophisticates," as she calls the columnists and dramatic critics who congregate at the Hotel Algonquin (which figures in the book as the Sign of the Indian Chief). It will entertain the outside world to discover that at the parties of these Sophisticates the chief amusements appear to be charades, guessing games, and pun contests. Nor can I dwell on the diverting picture of the unregenerate flapper, Janet Oglethorpe, who drinks and smokes and invades bachelors' apartments at what would have been considered improper hours a decade or so ago, or on her superb grandmother, Mrs. Oglethorpe, a type of the *grande dame* that is fast dying out of New York society and soon will be as extinct as the unsophisticated *jeune fille*. Nor have I spoken of the exceedingly novel pivot on which the action turns, which will certainly be the cause of Mrs. Atherton's receiving letters of query from every dowdy frump who has passed fifty (and has the requisite slenderness) in the United States. "Black Oxen" will more firmly seat its author in the unique place she occupies in our literature. CARL VAN VECHTEN

Books in Brief

The Prime Ministers of Britain. By Cli igham. E. P. Dutton & Company. $8.

The average king, as Walter Bagehot remarked, is an ordinary man, the average prime minister an unusual man. Something in the nature of a selective process has determined the choice of most prime ministers, while a king need only be born and possess sufficient vitality to outlive his predecessor. Nobody, at any rate, is likely to claim intellectual eminence for any of the Hanoverians, while at least half of their prime ministers have been men of marked capacity, and even among the lesser luminaries—the Newcastles and Addingtons and Percevals—the average of intelligence was probably well above the royal level. Mr. Clive Bigham's "The Prime Ministers of Britain" consists almost wholly of brief biographical sketches of the thirty-six prime ministers from Walpole to Lloyd George. They are of uneven merit, but the better of them are good reading, enlivened by apt anecdote. Beyond an eight-page introduction no attempt is made to describe the development of the pr miership or explain the vicissitudes that have befallen it. In a concluding Analysis of Prime Ministers the author presents some interesting generalizations and averages. We are told that the typical prime minister of the past has been born heir to a peerage, educated at Eton and Oxford, elected to the House of Commons at the age of twenty-five, and appointed to office at thirty-two; at forty-eight he has entered the House of Lords and has become the leader of a government two years later.

Our Southern Highlanders. By Horace Kephart. The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

Horace Kephart has become the acknowledged historian of the region for which John Fox is the official romancer. He has chosen to dwell in the most inaccessible and least-known part of these United States. He says: "Time has lingered in Appalachia. The mountain-folk still live in the eighteenth century." The mountaineers have always been suspicious of the "outlander" and it has taken Mr. Kephart many years to gain his thorough knowledge of quaint customs that survive in our hinterland. His book was originally published in 1913, and went through several editions. The author has several new photographs in this revised edition, and he has carried the story of moonshining up to the present time. He has also added three new chapters, The Snake Stick Man, A Raid into the Sugarlands, and The Killing of Hal Rose.

The Golden Treasury. By Francis T. Palgrave. Illustrated edition. The Macmillan Company. $3.50.

After some twenty-five editions, the first and second series of this familiar anthology appear in one volume, with sepia half-tones of well-known paintings and some photographs. Whether the illustrations add anything to the volume must remain a matter of personal preference. Many readers will undoubtedly continue to prefer their poetry unadulterated, and many will feel that not all the illustrations are as happily chosen as "The Bashful Suitor" by Israëls, used with Suckling's Encouragements to a Lover.

Steel: The Diary of a Furnace Worker. By Charles Rumford Walker. Atlantic Monthly Press. $1.75.

The record of a young college graduate who after leaving the army spent the summer of 1919 working in a plant of the United States Steel Corporation near Pittsburgh. The author discusses no theories and attempts to prove no thesis; he gives an extraordinarily vivid picture of heavy toil and long hours in America's basic industry, illuminated with the conversation of his fellow-workers, mostly, of course, foreign-born. He concludes the diary with the remark of a companion, which he thinks is an adequate summary of it all: "To hell with the money; no can live."

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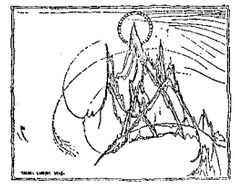

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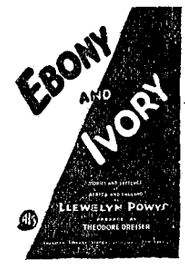

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Seeing the Eastern States. By John T. Farris. J. B. Lippincott Company. $5.

Upon Mr. Farris has fallen the mantle of John L. Stoddard, well pressed, unwrinkled, and full of mothballs. His "Seeing the Eastern States" is uniform in bulk and treatment to "Seeing the Sunny South" and his other works of near travel. He commits the blasphemy of not considering New England as a sacrosanct entity, apart from the rest of the world, but he still regards Boston as the hub of the universe. This volume is well illustrated and shows a commendable industry in antiquarian research, untainted by the breath of modern life.

The Wreck of Europe. By Francesco Nitti. Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

This is a new American edition of the book published in England under the title "Peaceless Europe," which was reviewed in *The Nation* for May 31. The former Italian Prime Minister has revised the original text and added a new preface, and the faulty English of the first translation has been repaired. Signor Nitti's outspoken liberalism is doubly significant because of his position. It was more significant a year ago than today, when his bitterest enemies, the Fascisti, rule Italy.

The Mercy of Allah. By Hilaire Belloc. D. Appleton and Company. $2.

A clever satire on modern business and finance told under the guise of an Oriental tale.

Music

American and Foreign Conductors

ONE cannot attend many orchestral concerts abroad without being sharply reminded of certain contrasting conditions in America. Indeed, it soon becomes only too apparent that, while we have the finest orchestras in the world, we are now about the only nation which discourages its conductors from sharing in this advantage. The old subterfuge, "Who are our native conductors?" can no longer be taken seriously. We tried it years ago with regard to our singers, instrumentalists, and teachers, and doubtless could have maintained it to this day had not the war come and exposed its feebleness. And yet, although we are now able to make quite creditable contributions to the concert, operatic, and pedagogic fields, we apparently cannot produce one musician capable of handling an orchestra. This seems all the more curious, as we have already produced some excellent orchestral players, and even an occasional concert-master or assistant concert-master.

Experience, however, or even great talent, is evidently not the primary reason that we search so far afield. When, for instance, Stokowski was engaged to lead the Cincinnati Orchestra, he was only a more or less obscure English organist who had done some choral directing. That he eventually revealed certain qualities of greatness was more a matter of luck than of credit to those who engaged him. The same may be said of Gabrilowitch who, in spite of his reputation as a pianist, had practically none as a conductor when he first came to Detroit, his previous experience being some desultory work in Munich and a few concerts in New York. Again, Stokowski's successor, Ysaye, was apparently chosen by Cincinnati because of his virtuosity on the fiddle, for certainly his efforts with the baton proved a lamentable failure; while *his* successor, Fritz Reiner, had won no general recognition abroad at the time that he was selected. Then, too, in New York a fine orchestral body like the Russian Symphony was allowed to dwindle away into a shadow under the leadership of a man whose only qualification for the post left vacant by Safanov seemed to be his nationality. On the other hand, although there already existed two such magnificent organizations as the Philharmonic and the New York Symphony, another one was raised to satisfy the symphonic yearnings of the Metropolitan Opera's chief conductor. The latter's ability not proving equal to his desires, it was found necessary to merge the new orchestra with one of its older rivals; but its leader was retained. And now, still another has been gathered together to realize the ambitions of a young Dutchman whose work has never been other than an unhappy combination of the sensational and the mediocre.

Yet we permit a genuine talent like Henry Hadley's to fritter itself away for lack of opportunity, merely because he is an American. It is true that, after years of neglect, he has been rewarded with some few appearances—and, one surmises, as few rehearsals—with the Philharmonic, but his position has always remained obviously subordinate to that of his colleagues. A routined operatic conductor, neither his experience nor his authorship could procure him the honor of presiding at the conductor's desk when his opera had its première at the Metropolitan. Yet this same institution intrusts its Sunday night concerts and certain of its weekly performances to two of its former repetiteurs, whose Italian blood does not quite make up for their musical deficiencies.

These are only more flagrant instances of a situation which is general throughout the country, and which is becoming not only absurd, but exceedingly dangerous. We are leaving the most crucial period of our musical development at the mercy of foreigners who are out of sympathy with us and with our aims, as they are with those of nearly every other nationality but their own. I remember being told by a well-known conductor, a few years ago, that in his opinion "all modern music was pretentious"—the only exception being that of Debussy and Ernest Bloch. Another conductor complained of the number of native compositions constantly being sent him, and suggested that a committee be formed to save him the labor of examining them, and that, furthermore, American composers band together for the purpose of hiring orchestras in order to try out their orchestral compositions, which were usually full of technical mistakes.

This is the type of conductor to whom we pay as much as $30,000 a season to guide our musical destinies. These men certainly have not, so far, favored the American composer. That they occasionally produce a native work as a "novelty" merely emphasizes the fact that we have native works to produce. As they seldom, however, give the same work more than once, no matter how great its merits, one is often tempted to speculate whether their interest is sincere, and whether, under this show of encouragement, they are not deliberately trying to stifle and discredit all native expression.

Why, then, do we continue to import these men, and put such an inflated value upon their services? As we have seen, they are not always experienced, and not always men of even moderate talent. Unless they happen to be geniuses, or musicians keen to help us in our growth, what can they bring us? If we are engaging them on the chance that they may develop into first-class conductors, then let us favor our own aspirants. Even if the level of ability should be lower for awhile, which I doubt, it would at least bring about unity of purpose and ideal between our musical organizations and our composers, and, this accomplished, the public would quickly follow.

It was this nationalization of effort which brought Europe her many rich and distinctive musical arts. It was this which so recently brought about a musical renascence in England. Before the war, the position of England was analogous to ours. Since then she has freed herself of foreign domination, and today finds herself the richer for a remarkable conductor, and for one of the healthiest and most significant creative movements in the modern musical world. This conductor, Eugene Goossens, is not only one of the most brilliant orchestral and operatic interpreters now before the public, but is also an active propagandist for his native fellow-composers, and so is an invaluable constructive force in the musical life of his country. We, too, need such men to stimulate our national consciences. But we are not likely to get them until we practice our charity at home.

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Drama

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Miss Jane Cowl has hitherto been a good actress in tawdry plays. Some of these plays she wrote herself. And these were not the least tawdry and tearful. But it is now evident that she, like those cheap novelists and playwrights, has an instinct that is better than her conscious tastes and ideas. She has an instinct for something essential and profound, for something that, given the right medium, she can truly project and so transcend the dross and dulness of "Lilac Time." Her instinct found that medium in Juliet.

It is quite natural. All the ordinary Jane Cowl heroines want to be Juliets or Gretchens. They simply dare not. In the first place, it isn't "nice"; in the second place, it's dangerous. Most men are so corrupt that they want coyness, coldness, an inordinate display of cheap proprieties. Finally, the subtle legend has arisen that it isn't self-respecting to be Juliet and Gretchen, that women must act out of their biological and physical character to be true to their selves and their sex. It is very interesting and intricate and absurd. Shakespeare's name removes the silly doubts and inhibitions; it sweeps away the twaddle. Every healthy woman wants to be Juliet; every actress wants to act Juliet. There is something fundamental and permanent here. Miss Cowl has simply the courage of her ultimate self.

She has, in her actual execution, the delicacy and bloom of girlhood; she has its rich prescience of the fulfilment that is to come; she has the natural artless arts and graces, the freedom, litheness, and spirit of delight. She will not perhaps have pleased those who strive for sophistication or, having reached it, dwell with it, consciously proud. Neither would Juliet or Gretchen in their own persons please such. To see her truly one must be beyond mere sophistication. One must have an instinct, at least, for what is central to human life. Many people have lost that instinct; only a few have a chance to reacquire it. But once or twice a ripple of laughter born of satisfaction, not of anything even faintly humorous in the lines, passed through the audience. Such laughter is rare in the theater. It marked moments of a joyous recognition of all in Juliet that is so central and natural, of all that, since it has now become perversely rare, is healing and keen and fresh.

The Romeo of Mr. Rollo Peters is not inadequate. It is a good piece of acting. But it remains acting. Mr. Peters is a far more sophisticated person than Miss Cowl. He has a more civilized mind. He has been fruitfully busy with the new stage-craft, with the whole modern art of the theater. He could never have been guilty of the authorship of "Lilac Time." But since he has not passed beyond sophistication, he cannot quite let himself be Romeo. "Two young lovers in an orchard lying"—the line is Wilde's—probably no longer means poetry to him. On the road to T. S. Eliot and the new stage-craft the Romeo instinct is likely to be lost. Of the others all, except Jessie Ralph as the Nurse, are more or less stagy in the traditional Shakespearean way. It is time for these silly conventions to be dropped.

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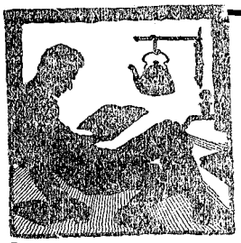

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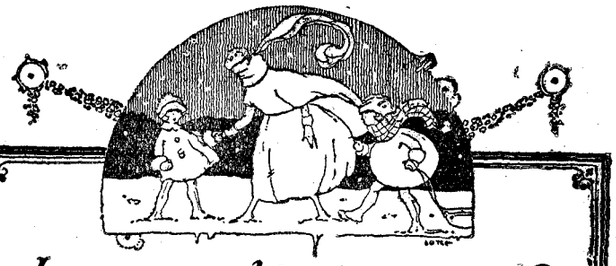

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